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The Sketch

No. 1074.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1913.

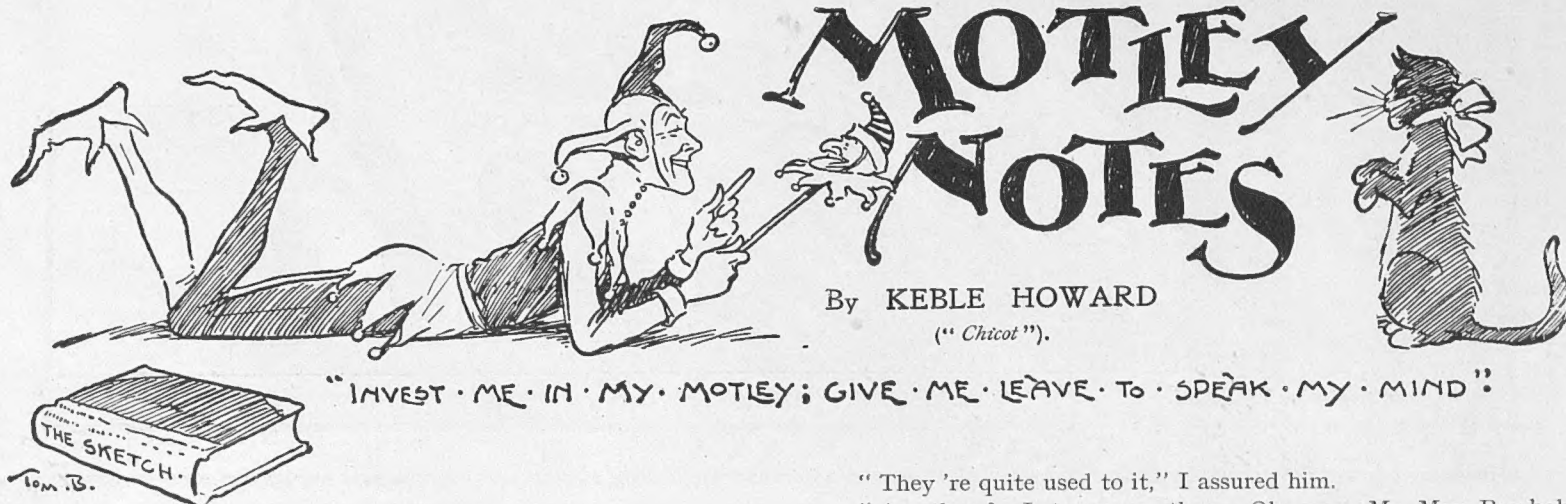
SIXPENCE.



FROM THE KING TO THE COUNTRY: THE HEAD OF THE TIGER—STUFFED—WHICH HIS MAJESTY
HAS SENT TO SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The tiger which the King has presented to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington was shot by his Majesty when he was last in India.

Photograph by Sport and General.



The Humble Pioneer.

I was very interested to read, in all the papers of last week, that Mr. Cyril Maude had hit upon the idea of a School for Dramatists. When I came across the first reference to Mr. Maude's suggestion, I said to myself, "This is a grand idea! How is it that nobody has ever thought of it before?" And then something stirred in my brain, so to speak, and I took down volume after volume of *The Sketch*, searching, in a vague way, for something indefinite. The floor was strewn with volumes, but still I could not discover the nebulous thing that I was after.

In the end, I got as far back as Vol. XLV. "This is absurd!" I told myself. "It isn't possible that anybody suggested a School for Dramatists as far back as the early part of 1904! I must abandon the search! I have been dreaming! And now all these huge volumes must be returned to their——!"

And then I found it. 582 was the number, and the date was March 23, 1904. How queer it looked after nine-and-a-half years, this burlesque interview with an imaginary millionaire who had decided to found a School for Dramatists! Since the idea is now to the fore, I wonder if my Editor and Mr. Maude would forgive me if I quoted a little from my own scheme? I am sure they would, if only for the sake of the historical interest. So here goes, without the bother of any superfluous quotation-marks—

I found him in the Brown Study. An enormous cigar hung idly from his expensive teeth, and his head was in the clouds of curling smoke. For the rest, his feet were on the mantelpiece. As for his hands, they were in his pockets.

"How typical!" I breathed, laying my hat on a side-table amid a pile of bank-notes and cigar-stumps.

"What's that?" said the philanthropist, starting a little.

"I merely observed that your attitude was typical of your public life. I refer, Sir, to the fact that your hands are in your pockets."

"Don't be silly," retorted my host. I bowed, reddened, and seated myself on a foot-stool.

"You want to ask me," continued the great man, "something about my proposed School for Dramatists."

"Proposed?" I stammered.

"Well, well, there's many a slip, you know. It's all in the air at present, but I have great faith in the scheme myself, and I have received very warm encouragement from Mr. Seymour Hicks and many of the leading dramatic critics. Mr. Hicks——"

"Himself," I observed, "a dramatist of no mean order."

"Don't interrupt. That gentleman has kindly promised to undertake, in conjunction with Mr. George Edwardes, the Construction Class. As Mr. Hicks very rightly says, what he and dear old George don't know about construction isn't to be discovered either in England or America."

"How true! The pupils, I take it, will start with construction?"

"Certainly. They will then be moved into the Dialogue Class. Pending negotiations, I may hint that, in all probability, this class will be entrusted to that master of dialogue, Mr. William Archer. Having mastered the arts of construction and dialogue, the pupil will have to decide whether he intends to write comedies, dramas, problem-plays, comic operas, musical comedies, melodramas, or— or what."

"There will be certain 'extras,' such as epigrams, but you need not weary your readers with those at present."

"They're quite used to it," I assured him.

"Are they? Let me see, then. Oh, yes. Mr. Max Beerbohm may have something to say on the Art of Attire; Mr. Bernard Shaw might feel inclined to warn the more mercenary of my pupils against the snare of commercial success; the introduction of incidental music, no doubt, would prove to be a theme worthy the eloquence of Mr. James Glover; Mr. Gordon Craig, I understand, has some original ideas with regard to lowering the fire-proof curtain whilst the play is in progress. Now, Sir, you know as much as I do about my School for Dramatists. It ought, at any rate, to make a nice little article."

"It will," I assured him. "Would you care to see a proof?"

"I should love to, but I mustn't." He sighed heavily, and brushed aside a gilded tear. "The doctor," he explained, "has forbidden me panegyrics for a month."

Always Be Serious. The fact that this suggestion, precisely similar to Mr. Maude's, has been allowed to lie dormant for nine-and-a-half years shows the danger of introducing an idea to the British public in a flippant guise. Mr. Maude's great fame, of course, helped to attract attention to his scheme, but a portion of these nine-and-a-half years, at any rate, might have been saved had I put my suggestion in the form of a very serious article, and contrived to get it published in the *Fortnightly Review*. The truth is that we Britishers have a horror of flippancy. We like absolute nonsense with no meaning at the back of it, but we hate to have serious ideas gilded with, let us say, an attempt at humour. That is why "Fanny's First Play" had a longer run than any other play written by Mr. Shaw, and that is why "Man and Superman" was far more successful, I understand, when played as a farce at the Criterion than as a physiological comedy at the Court. Here is a useful hint, therefore, for the young journalist, the young novelist, and the young playwright—a serious hint, though printed beneath the figure of a jester: If you want to achieve Greatness, be deadly serious. If you want to make money, be wildly nonsensical. If you want to please yourself, please yourself, and be hanged to me and all other profferers of unsolicited advice.

Fast Trains. A week or two ago, I asked whether it was really necessary, since our island is as small as it is, our scenery as lovely as it is, and our trains as comfortable as they are, to dash along at sixty, seventy, or eighty miles an hour for the sake of saving an hour of the journey. This query has brought me a letter from a lady who is at present in Scotland, but whose home is in Austria.

"I cannot express," she says, "the real joy your article gave my daughter and myself. That one pen has been lifted up to protest against the 'speed habit'! . . . Every word you wrote we endorse, and we are travellers. I have travelled all my life . . ."

"I occasionally visit U.S.A., where this 'mad rush' runs riot. Every visit I pay, I find more and more difficulty in reaching my country place in New York State on slow trains. Last autumn, when there, I waited my turn before the window of the Inquiry Office. It was a very hot day. As I at last reached the opening, and got out my question—'Please give me the hour of a slow train to Albany!'—there was a moment of dazed silence, inside and outside the window. Then the poor clerk wiped his face, and, with a smile, said, 'You are the first person who has asked for a slow train during the two years I have been here.'"

Love of speed or lack of moral courage?

ROYAL WEDDING GIFTS TO KING MANUEL, AND KING MANOEL.



1. "FOR MY DEAR MANUEL, KING OF PORTUGAL . . . FROM HIS AFFECTIONATE 'AUNT,' ALEXANDRA": THE GOLD LOVING-CUP FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
2. FROM THE PRINCESS ROYAL: A GOLD CUP.
3. "TO KING MANUEL . . . FROM HIS AFFECTIONATE COUSINS, KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY": THE CENTREPIECE OF THEIR MAJESTIES' GIFT.

In the inscriptions on the wedding-gifts to the King of Portugal from various members of the British Royal Family, it will be noticed, there is a discrepancy in the spelling of his Christian name. The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra have adopted the Anglicised form, "Manuel," while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught prefer the Portuguese "Manoel." His bride-to-be is Princess Victoria of Hohenzollern, and the wedding has been fixed to take place in Germany on September 4.

4. FROM THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN TO KING MANUEL: THE WHOLE SET OF SILVER PIECES GIVEN BY THEIR MAJESTIES.
5. "TO DEAR MANOEL . . . FROM HIS AFFECTIONATE COUSINS ARTHUR AND LOUISE MARGARET": THE SILVER CUP FROM THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

King Manuel (we will follow their Majesties in orthography) left Charing Cross on August 16 for Folkestone *en route* for the Continent, the time of his departure being kept secret. On August 21 it became known that he had taken Fulwell Park, Twickenham, as his English home after his marriage. His present house at Richmond, "Abercorn," belongs to Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, and it is an interesting coincidence that the landlord has followed the royal tenant's example in becoming engaged.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT (X)—FOR TAKING THE PART OF POTIPHAR'S WIFE IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN."

Miss Maxine Elliott, who has been absent from the stage for some three years, is to reappear as Zuleika (Potiphar's wife) in Mr. Louis N. Parker's new play, "Joseph and His Brethren," which Sir Herbert Tree is to produce at His Majesty's on Sept. 2. Our photograph was taken in her garden at Bushey.



M. PÉGOUD—FOR TESTING A NEW THRILL FOR AIRMEN: THE PARACHUTE.



HARRY LAUDER—FOR BEATING LITTLE TICH AT GOLF FOR A TIN OF SALMON AND THE PALLADIUM CHAMPIONSHIP.



LITTLE TICH—FOR PLAYING HARRY LAUDER FOR THE SALMON AND THE PALLADIUM CHAMPIONSHIP.



MR. JOHN SHARP—FOR BEING KING OF A CASTLE WHICH IS A MINIATURE BALMORAL.



MR. D. J. DUNNING—FOR GOING 23 BETTER THAN ADAM, AND DOING WITHOUT RIBS ALTOGETHER.



MR. "PLUM" WARNER—FOR HIS READINESS TO ACCEPT THE MINISTRY OF SPORT.

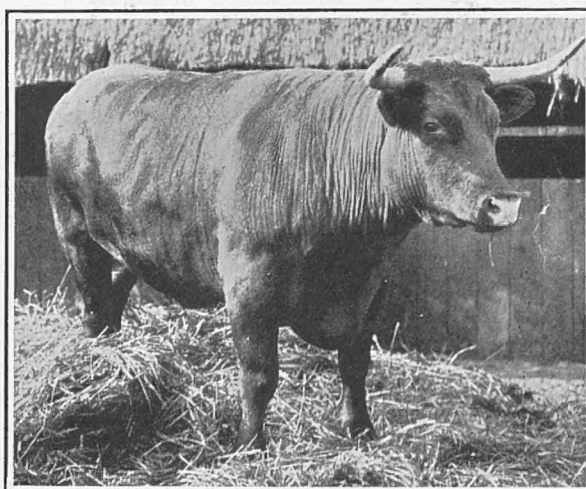
M. Pégoud, a French airman, the other day at Chateaufort, tested the new parachute invented by M. Bonnet for use in emergency by aeroplane pilots. Leaving the aeroplane to its own devices, he descended safely from a height of about 600 feet, landing in a tree. He intends to try it from a height of 3000 or 4000 feet.—Mr. P. F. Warner, the well-known Middlesex cricketer, known to his intimates as "Plum" Warner, recently denied a report that he had been invited to stand for Parliament, as a Liberal. At the same time, he added, he would be quite willing to occupy the suggested office of Minister for Sport in any Government, whether Liberal, Conservative, or Labour.—Little Tich challenged Harry Lauder to a match at golf the other day for the championship of the Palladium, the cost of the caddies,

and a tin of salmon. Harry Lauder said he felt bound to accept, "as he is smaller than I am." They played at Richmond, and Harry Lauder won by 3 and 1.—Mr. John Sharp, of Balmuir, Dundee, has bought an estate in Perthshire, at Dalnaglar, Glenshee, which is notable for the fact that the castle is a replica, on a smaller scale, of Balmoral.—At Earl's Court Exhibition there is a marvellous example of constructive surgery in the person of Mr. D. J. Dunning, formerly of the 5th Northumberlands. In the South African War he was shot, and his comrades, thinking him dead, used him as cover, and he received sixteen bullets. Afterwards, he was found to be alive, and his ribs, which were smashed, were removed, and replaced by an iron casing. He now works as a basket-maker.

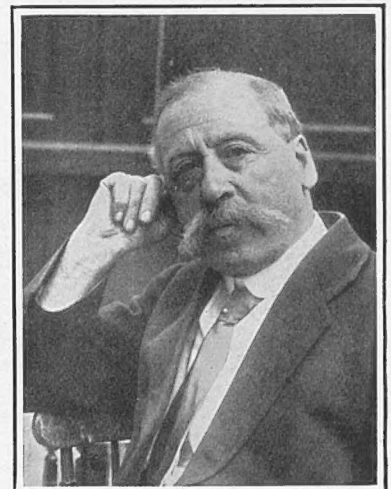
Photographs by Meurisse, Sport and General, and Lafayette, Glasgow.



THE REV. A. J. WALDRON—FOR WRITING A MUSIC-HALL SKETCH, "SHOULD THE WOMAN TELL?" IN TWO DAYS.



LORD NORTHBOURNE'S DEVOTED OX—FOR FATTENING ON THE PROSPECT OF DISSOLUTION—BOTH FOR ITSELF AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.



MR. JOSEPH HARKER—FOR PAINTING ONE-COLOUR SCENES FOR "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN."

The Vicar of Brixton, the Rev. A. J. Waldron, has written a "serious morality playlet" called "Should the Woman Tell?" which, it is expected, will be produced at one of the halls in October. It took him only two days to write it.—As mentioned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his speech at Carnarvon, Lord Northbourne has announced his intention to roast an ox in his park and hold festivities on the

day Mr. Lloyd George goes out of office. The animal is being fattened at the Home Farm, Betteshanger Park, Lord Northbourne's place near Sandwich.—Mr. Joseph Harker, the famous scene-painter, has sought new and striking effects in his work for "Joseph and His Brethren." Some of the scenes are all in one colour, among them an all-black chamber where Potiphar's wife (Zuleika) makes love to Joseph.

Photographs by Sport and General, C.N., and Record Press.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MISS LENA DE RUTZEN—FOR ACCEPTING ONE WHO WIELDS MIGHTY POWERS OF REJECTION.



SIR FRANK NEWNES—FOR REALISING HOW NICE IT IS TO GET A LOVE-LETTER ACCEPTED.



THE HON. ALBINIA BRODRICK—FOR ACTING AS "FOREMAN" AT THE BUILDING OF A HOSPITAL.

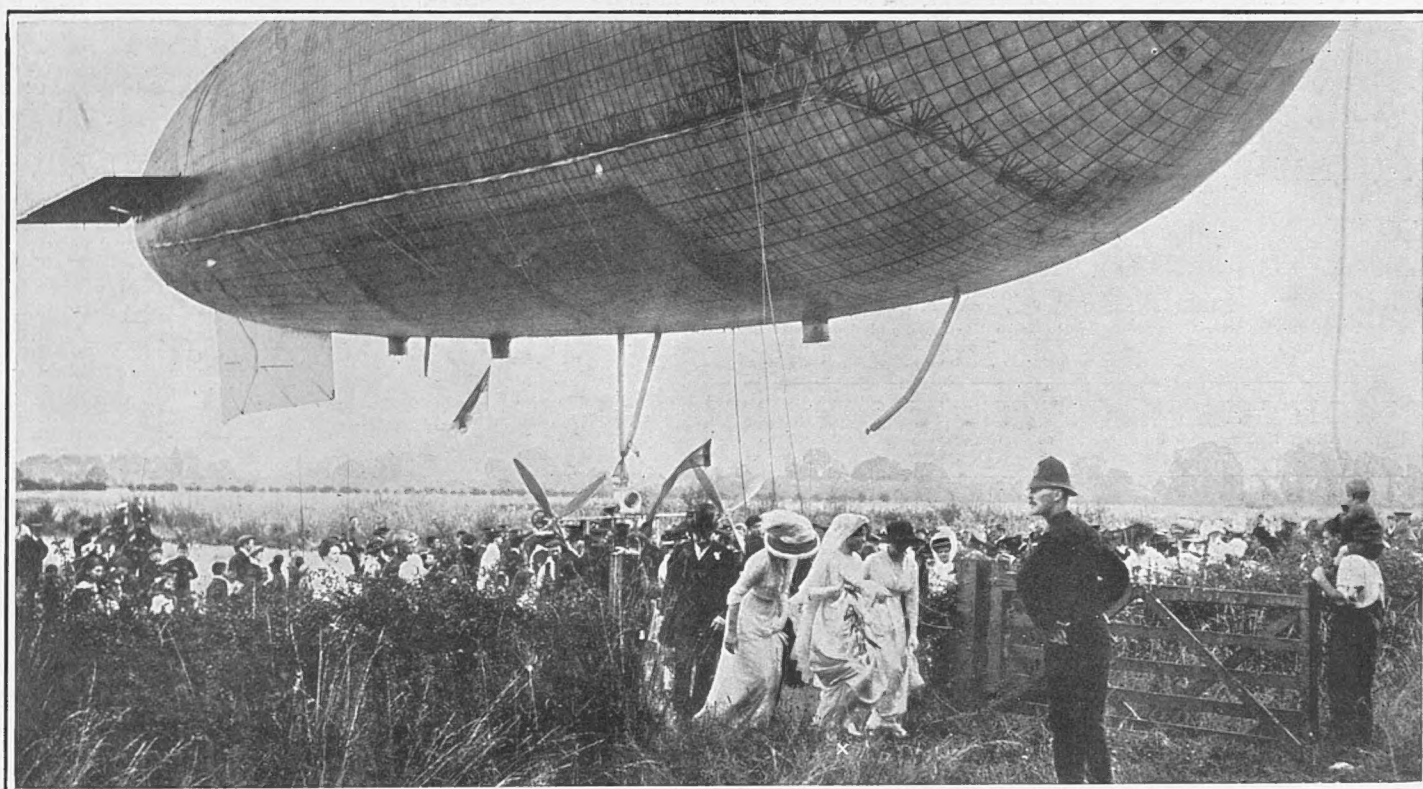


THE LORD CHANCELLOR—FOR DEVOTING A WHOLE DAY TO SEEING THE GLORIES OF CANADA.

Sir Frank Newnes, who succeeded his father, the late Sir George Newnes, founder of "Tit-Bits" and "The Strand Magazine," in his baronetcy three years ago, is engaged to Miss Lena de Rutzen, eldest daughter of Sir Albert de Rutzen, late Chief Magistrate at Bow Street. Sir Frank is chairman of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., and a director of the "Westminster Gazette" and "Country Life." Miss de Rutzen has a reputation as a whistler.—Miss Albinia Brodrick, sister of

Lord Middleton, is acting as foreman during the building of a hospital at Ballinacoon, County Kerry, where she has devoted herself to charitable work among the peasantry.—Lord Haldane, the Lord Chancellor, left Liverpool on Saturday on a lightning visit to Canada. He is due to reach New York on the 28th, and Montreal on the 31st. On Sept. 1 he will give the opening address at the Congress of the American Bar Association, and immediately afterwards return to New York.

Photographs by Bassano, Topical, Lafayette (Dublin), and Campbell-Gray.



MRS. ROBERT PIGOT (FORMERLY MISS NORA HARGREAVES) FOR HAVING AN ARMY AIRSHIP AS SKY-PILOT AT HER WEDDING.

The military airship "Beta" put in an unexpected appearance at the reception after the wedding of Captain Robert Pigot, of the Royal Flying Corps, and Miss Nora

Hargreaves at Wraysbury. It dropped messages of congratulation, and then descended in a neighbouring field. The bride (X) is seen walking beneath it.

Photograph by C.N.



MAJOR E. H. T. PARSONS—FOR PREPARING TO FIGURE IN A PROCESSION OF HIS OWN.



MR. F. D. YATES—FOR WINNING THE BRITISH CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP WITH A RECORD SCORE.



PRINCESS MARY—FOR HER CULINARY PROWESS IN COOKING FISH FOR HER FATHER.



MR. GODFREY ISAACS—FOR PREPARING TO SERVE WIRELESS TELEPHONY WITH THE EGGS-AND-BACON.

The wedding of Major E. H. T. Parsons and Miss Marion Glen-Coats is to take place on Sept. 10 at Paisley. The bridegroom is a Chief Constable in the Metropolitan Police, and always takes a leading part in the management of royal processions. Miss Glen-Coats is the only daughter of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, who is one of the proprietors of the famous cotton firm.—Mr. F. D. Yates, of Leeds, won the British Chess Championship in the recent contest at Cheltenham with a score of nine games out of a possible eleven, which is a record for the event. Mr. Yates has held the Northern Counties Championship for four years.—Princess Mary the

other day gave proof of her skill in the culinary art. The King, the Princess, Princes Albert, Henry, and George, and Lord Rosebery motored from Balmoral to Loch Muick, where they enjoyed excellent trout-fishing. A fire was made and several of the catch were cooked by Princess Mary for lunch, which was taken al fresco at the loch-side.—Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, at a meeting of the Marconi Company the other day, prophesied the use of wireless telephony at sea in the near future. Passengers on a liner, he said, taking their morning cup of tea, will talk by wireless with friends ashore, saying how they slept and how they feel about breakfast.

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co., Topical, Downey, and Partridge.

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CURE AND CURFEW AT CARLSBAD: TANGO PARTIES AND "LIGHTS OUT" AT TEN.

A Protest of Doctors.

The Carlsbad doctors are circulating a petition asking that the Sporting Club in one of the principal hotels of the town shall be closed, and that the old law of the town that all lights shall be extinguished at ten o'clock shall be put into force. The sympathies of quite a number of the residents of the town are evidently with the doctors,

quarter past ten—was such that she had been unable to keep her eyes open.

The Little Maids of Carlsbad.

The little housemaids and the little serving-maids of Carlsbad are the merriest and most cheerful working-girls I have ever met, except, perhaps, the Mousmés of the tea-houses and hotels in Japan. The little house-girl—who is up at 5 a.m., and is ready to make the beds and arrange the rooms of the cure guests as soon as they go down in the early morning to drink water at the springs—seems to have an unlimited appetite for hard work. She carries big jugs of water up the stairs to the top of the house, and moves beds and wardrobes and seems to enjoy doing it, and she always has a smile and a merry word for anyone belonging to the house. The girls in black, with silver numbers or names pinned to their dresses, who wait at the cafés in the valley where the cure guests and the people who are with them breakfast and take tea are just as merry, and they assume very charming proprietorial airs over anyone who, on the first day of his cure, comes to one of their tables. When a girl has put by a marriage portion from her tips, she marries one of the workmen in the Carlsbad glass-factories.

The Coming of the Tango.

But I am wandering away from the doctors and the Tango. The American invasion changed the habits of Carlsbad. At first the only Americans who came to the great Austrian watering-place took the cure very seriously; but after a while, when the men of the United States with livers to mend brought with them their wives and families, and the younger members of this colony clamoured for the amusements they found at the French towns of baths, Carlsbad began to keep late hours. One dance a week at the Kurhaus, on Saturday evening, had been permitted by the doctors, but Miss U.S.A. considered this short commons, and impromptu gatherings for dancing kept the lights burning at some of the hotels and villas on the hill till past midnight. With the advent of the newest hotel, the Sporting Club, *chemin de fer*, elaborate dinners, and the Tango, the doctors have been moved to protest. I do not see why those who



IF THE THAMES RAN DRY: A CUTE "STUNT" FOR A 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE ON LAND.

The correspondent who sends us the above photograph, from Kingston, Rhode Island, U.S.A., writes: "A Columbia University eight-oared shell . . . covered two hundred yards over a smooth grass course in four minutes on 'Stunt Day,' and beat out half-a-dozen other competing institutions. The crews . . . carried the racing-shells on their backs by means of ropes. As they had to walk backwards, and could only judge of the direction of the boat was taking by the directions of the coxswain, the navigating proved an exceedingly difficult task, and one crew capsized. The boats were made of wood with canvas stretched over the framework. . . . The boat-race is undoubtedly the most unique 'stunt' that has ever been presented by any graduating class from Columbia."—[Photograph by Edwards.]

for at one of the largest of the villas which receive visitors as lodgers a Tango party was interrupted by the appearance of the hall porter, who announced that ten o'clock had struck and that he must put out the lights, and the lights were forthwith extinguished.

Old Carlsbad.

For the last thirty years I have known Carlsbad, and have taken half-a-dozen cures there; and I have seen the change that gradually has come to the town. When first I knew Carlsbad, none of the new hotels on the hills above the town had been built, and Pupp's, on the level by the river, was the social centre. But though some of the ladies who came to drink the Sprudel and take the baths, and others who accompanied their husbands, wore beautiful dresses and jewels in the evening, a very simple supper was the evening meal, and not a soul except the watchmen and policemen was abroad in the streets after 10 p.m. The performances at the theatre began, as they do now, at 7 p.m., or even earlier, and the audience was always out of the house by 9 p.m., thus leaving time for supper before the curfew rang.

My Sole Offence.

Once, and once only, in those early days did I offend against this early-to-bed rule. I had been to the theatre, and at supper afterwards at one of the hotels hard by I sat chatting, forgetful of the time. I was reminded that ten o'clock had struck by the extinction of all the lights in the restaurant. When I had found my hat and coat and had groped my way in the darkness out into the street, I was in a dead town. I made my way to my lodging half-way up the hill, and found in the hall the little maid who attended to my rooms, sitting in a chair fast asleep, with two candles, one lighted, on a table beside her. She had been told that she must sit up for the night-bird who had not returned to his nest, and the lateness of the hour—it was a

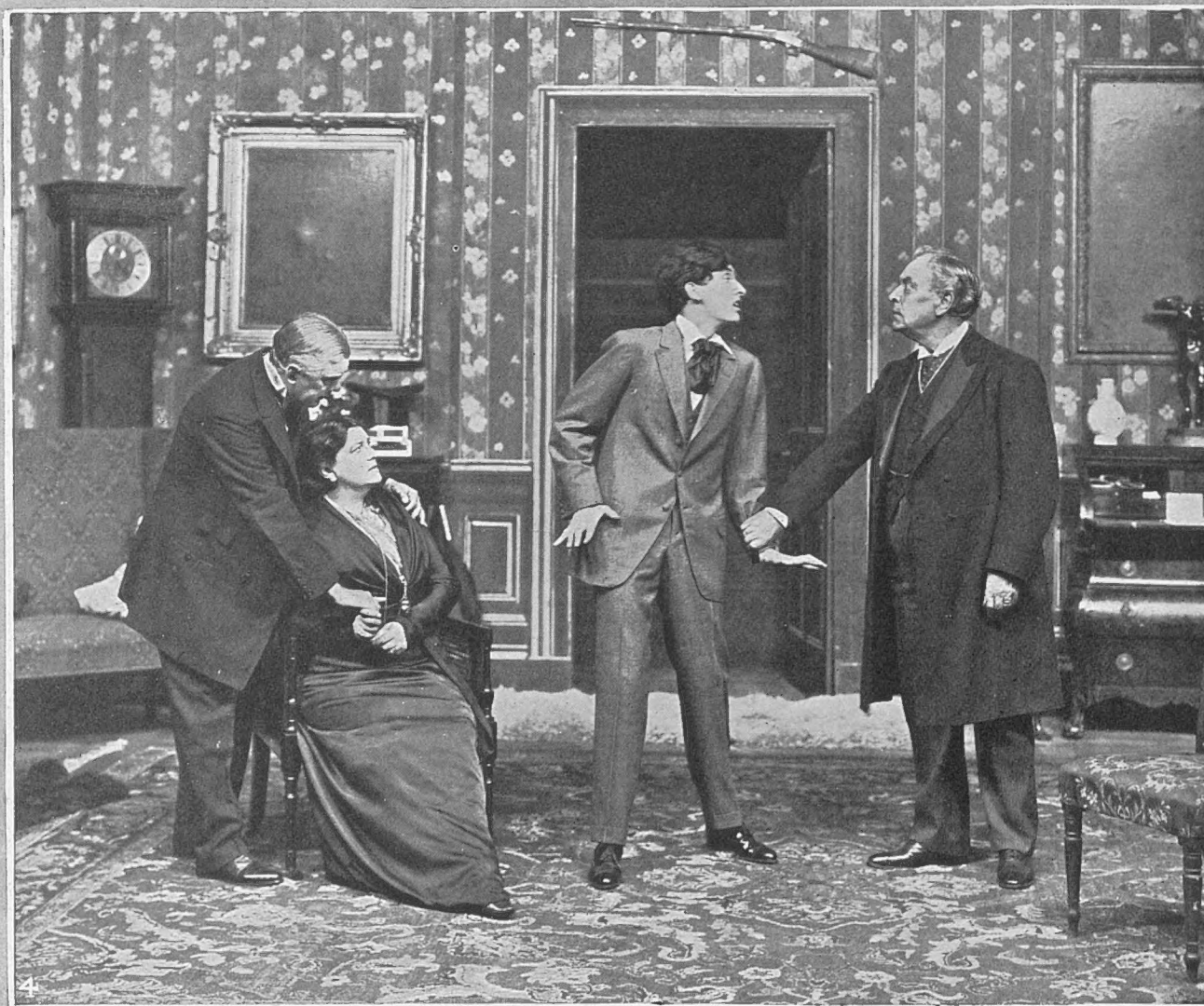


WITH PIECES LARGER THAN THE CHILDREN'S HEADS: A GIANT DRAUGHT-BOARD.

The giant draught-board here shown is one of the attractions of the Children's Welfare Retreat in Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. It is much favoured by grown-ups as well.—[Photograph by McKenzie.]

wish to sit up half the night should not be allowed to do so at Carlsbad as anywhere else; but if pleasure-seekers lodge in a cure-guest villa they should keep cure hours. Perhaps this is the solution that the Carlsbad Town Council will find for the difficulty.

THE PLAY OF A YOUTH'S GREAT BLUNDER: "THE BIG GAME."



1. AS JULIAN ROSS: MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

2. LEARNING THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS FATHER, JULIAN ROSS SMASHES THE TREASURED PICTURE OF THAT "MAN IN A MILLION": MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIAN ROSS AND MISS FRANCES IVOR AS MRS. GRIMSHAW.

3. AS RITA MORRISON: MISS ETHEL DANKE.

4. THE DOCTOR TELLS JULIAN THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS FATHER: MR. FREDERICK KERR AS EDWARD GRIMSHAW, MISS FRANCES IVOR AS MRS. GRIMSHAW, MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIAN ROSS, AND MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE AS DR. DOYLE.

"The Big Game," at the New Theatre, tells the story of the great blunder of Julian Ross, a neurotic young man who wears himself into absurdities by the belief that his father—a man in a million by repute, but really the leader of a double matrimonial life—was murdered in the wilds of Africa by his step-father, who, as a matter of fact,

did kill Ross's father, but accidentally. Julian's determination to unravel the "secret" not only brings humiliation upon himself, but is very near shattering the happiness of four people—his mother, his step-father, his father's other wife (for there was a "marriage"), and his little half-sister.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

FIRST COUSIN TO THE WUSSER: THE ONE AND ONLY "WHAT?"



DO YOU RECOGNISE IT? REVELATORY PHOTOGRAPHS ARE ON A LATER PAGE IN THIS ISSUE.

You know the story of the Wusser? Its owner was a penny-showman. "Walk up! walk up! And see the Wusser, the real Wusser, the only genuine Wusser," was his cry, and it drew the audience. Inside the tent was a curtained-off space. The showman introduced his freak: "You 'ave all seen, ladies and gennelmen, a poor old 'orse, tired out, footsore, a-trying to make its way along the 'igh road,

draggin' itself step by step, a thing o' skin an' bone with two of its feet in the grave. Well, ladies and gennelmen, that 'orse was a bad 'un"—and then he drew the curtain back to reveal a horse in the last stages of decay—"I 'ere present to your notice a Wusser." The "What?" is quite well, thank you. You will realise this if you look at the photographs on a later page of this issue.

WHERE WE SHOULD LIKE TO BE! WITH LORD INVERCLYDE'S



1. THE HON. ALAN BURNS (PARTLY MASKED BY THE DOG), ONLY SON OF LORD INVERCLYDE, ON HIS WAY TO THE BUTTS.
2. LADY INVERCLYDE (NEAREST THE CAMERA) INSPECTING THE MORNING'S BAG WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PARTY.
3. LORD INVERCLYDE WAITING FOR THE BIRDS.

4. MAJOR SCHOFIELD, V.C., AND LADY INVERCLYDE AT NO. 1 BUTT.
5. THE HON. MURIEL BURNS, YOUNGER OF LORD INVERCLYDE'S DAUGHTERS, AND COLONEL NUGENT-DUNBAR.
6. LUNCHING ON THE MCOR: THE HON. ALAN BURNS; LORD INVERCLYDE; MAJOR SCHOFIELD; MRS. GRAY; THE HON. EMILY BURNS,

Lord Inverclyde, the third Baron and a Baronet, was born in February 1864, and succeeded in 1905. In 1891, he married Charlotte Mary Emily, daughter of the late Robert Nugent-Dunbar, of Machermore Castle, Kirkcudbrightshire. His only son, the Hon. John Alan Burns, was born in December 1897; his daughters—Emily Dunbar and Muriel Annette—in 1891 and 1893. He is a member of the Shipwrights' Company

ROUSE-SHOOTING PARTY AT COVE. DUMBARTONSHIRE.



ELDER DAUGHTER OF LORD INVERCLYDE; MISS PALMER; MISS LOCKWOOD; LADY INVERCLYDE; MRS. NEWTON; THE HON. MURIEL BURNS; AND (STANDING) MR. DOUGLAS NEWTON AND MR. F. L. HUNTER-BLAIR (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT).

7. MR. C. B. FINDLAY.

8. LORD INVERCLYDE (ON THE WALL), LADY INVERCLYDE, AND THE HON. EMILY BURNS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BUTTS.

9. A LADY OF THE PARTY "TAKING" A FENCE.

10. MR. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

11. THE HON. ALAN BURNS AND THE HON. EMILY BURNS.

and a Director of the Cunard Line. His seats are: Castle Wemyss, Wemyss Bay, and Hartfield, Cove, Dumbartonshire.—Major H. N. Schofield, who is one of his Majesty's Gentlemen-at-Arms, won the V.C. in South Africa during the last Boer War, during which he assisted in saving two guns at the Battle of Colenso.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has returned, bringing with her a new lease of vitality. Her energies have never greatly dwindled, but to bear again the name that saw her through manifold enterprises inspires her afresh. She is the Lady Randolph who at any moment may do the great and surprising thing. It sounds too tame to say of her that she might to-morrow edit a paper, produce a play, paint a picture, build a hospital, win an election: in the telling, those things seem small. It is in the doing that Lady Randolph makes them exciting. And it is felt that some particular event will mark the resumption of a style that classes her with men of action, among them one, at any rate (the First Lord), who learned the art of action at her knee. What if the event that marks the resumption of her old title should prove to be the second discarding of it!

The American. Miss Jennie Jerome was well known in New York for beauty and a character before she adopted England as her own. And although she adopted England with more heartiness and conviction than do many imported Americans, she kept, and keeps, something of the States both in her mind and manner. It was only an American member of the family who would have dared or cared to go round Blenheim for the fun of overhearing the remarks of the tourists. But set an American to catch an American. Lady Randolph, disguised with an old cloak and a Baedeker, did do the tour of the picture-galleries in the company of unwitting compatriots. "My, what poppy eyes these Churchills have got!" she heard a young woman from the West exclaim, after going the round of the family portraits.

The Flowing Tongue. As a hostess at innumerable dinners, she is a story-teller whose anecdotes generally hover round the board. It was at table, for instance, that she found out the real Disraeli. Once when she and he were discussing their departed guests, Lord Randolph mentioned as an instance of Disraeli's flowery language his refusal of more wine after the departure of the ladies. "My dear Randolph," he said, "I have sampled your excellent champagne, I have quenched my thirst with your good claret, I have sipped your sherry, I have tasted your delicious port; I will have no more." But Lady Randolph had sat next the great man, and noticed that he took nothing but weak brandy-and-water.

Meat and Manners. To another century, or nearly so, belongs her story of Mr. Bernard Shaw. She had asked him to lunch; at the last moment his refusal came by telegram: "Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" To which the lady

answered, in another telegram: "Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners." That was five minutes before lunch; and Lady Randolph enjoyed her entrée all the more for having hit back. She enjoyed, too, the receipt the next morning of a long letter of explanation, a long humble letter in the neat spider-leg script that looks apologetic even when, as is more often the case, it carries messages of assault and battery. "G. B. S." explained that his habit was to eat at home, because at other people's houses he was always offered "unfortunate dead animals and things," and was so forced to leave the table hungry. "G. B. S." explained then, and that is some years ago, that lunching with a lot of people—carnivorous people—was not pleasant to him. At any rate, he is consistent. Only the other day he broke his rule and lunched with friends, but in the middle of the meal rose and retired to the drawing-room. The smell of the joint had overcome him.



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lady Randolph Churchill was known as Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, when, in 1874, she married Lord Randolph Churchill, who died in 1895. In 1900, she married George Frederick Myddelton Cornwallis-West. By her first marriage, she has two sons—the First Lord of the Admiralty and Mr. John Churchill.

Photograph by Langfier.

A Drop in the Field. If Lady Randolph's best stories are old, she herself is to blame. Even her book contains a few of them—her book which, if it followed the ordinary rule of Reminiscences, would contain none of the things worth telling. "Why should I not tell all that I can?" she asked in her Preface; and although "all that can" be told by a living writer of living people must amount to very little, she ably manages to avoid the inanities that fill the pages of some books of Society recollections that we know. And she is amusing. She herself is responsible for the story of her accident in the hunting field, when she disappeared in a ditch, and seemed to the riders behind to have fallen under her horse. Among them happened to be her husband, but we must allow her to finish the anecdote in her own words. "Randolph, coming up and thinking I was badly hurt, seized my flask and, in the excitement of the moment, emptied it. The joke was that I had the fall, and he the whisky."

The Token of Respect.

Anybody who has watched at close quarters an election that meant much to Lady Randolph knows her power. In North-West Manchester the man with a vote soon learned that he had to cope, not, first of all, with the speeches of this or that candidate, but with a most notorious canvasser. It was a case, if ever there was one, of votes for a woman, and her irresistible persuasions. All parties and persons have known her strength, private and public. And if Mr. Balfour goes to the Promenade Concerts in her company, it is because he respects her musical opinions no less than her politics. The "Ring" she has done in the company of the elect; and the little gold pig on her watch-chain is the somewhat unexpected token of King Edward's respect.

SOCIALIST AND SOCIETY LEADER: A FAMOUS LADY.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN HER SITTING-ROOM AT WARWICK CASTLE: THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Lady Warwick, famous as a Society beauty and leader, and still so, despite the fact that she is a grandmother, and famous, too, as one of the few titled Socialists, was known before her marriage to the fifth Earl, which took place in 1881, as Miss Frances Evelyn Maynard, and she is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Henry Maynard, son of the third Viscount Maynard, whose title has been extinct since 1865. She was

born in 1861. Her homes are Warwick Castle and Easton Lodge, Dunmow. Lord Warwick, who was born in 1853, and succeeded in 1893, has been M.P. for Somerset East and for Colchester, and Mayor of Warwick; and he is Lord-Lieutenant of Essex, and President of that county's Territorial Force Association. His motto is: "I scarcely call these things our own."

Photograph by Record Press.



ALTHOUGH the reports from Germany state that King Manuel will in future spend most of his time in Germany, he is very positive in assurances to English friends that he will live a considerable portion of the year in England. The Marquis de Soveral has not assisted him in house-hunting in vain; Fulwell Park, Twickenham is to be one of the principal homes of the exiled King—or, as the papers most frequently have it, "the ex-King." "To the King of Portugal," however, is incised deep on the sides of the loving-cup which is Queen Alexandra's wedding gift to him.

The Scattered Clubmen.

Last year members of the United Service Club experienced all the discomforts of a spring cleaning. This year it is not the "Regimentals," but the "Mentals" at the opposite corner who are overwhelmed in the flood-tide of soapy water and white-wash. In the matter of exchange, at any rate, there is a minimum of inconvenience; and the learned members of the Athenæum are at present receiving hospitality across the road. The Devonshire Club, on the other hand, has scattered its members over three alien premises—the Automobile, the Junior Athenæum, and the British Empire; the Cavalry also has the nominal use of three clubs. But whereas members of the Athenæum, less punctual in departing from town than their more sporting neighbours, can fill a hundred arm-chairs even in holiday time, the Cavalry people are entertained probably without their hosts being any the wiser.

"House-Full."

While ordinary clubs are deserted, there is considerable bustle at the Green Room, the Beefsteak, and the Garrick. Rehearsals keep the actor and the manager close at work, so that he is taking his rest, and often his evening meal, in Garrick Street or Leicester Square, instead of in Scotland. For Sir Herbert Tree the business of playing a principal part is nothing to the business of rehearsing; for the last week he has been taking every rôle in "Joseph and His Brethren," besides waving a diligent little finger at the orchestra and correcting the scene-shifters with an impressive thumb. One anxiety, at any rate, is over by this time; the parts are assigned. The claims of the thousand people eager to fill a hundred parts are not easily disposed of, but occasionally Sir Herbert finds a short way with applicants. "Please find a place for me; I am qualified for anything, from Lady Macbeth to the cloak-room," once wrote an



DAUGHTER OF LADY SOPHIA MONTGOMERIE AND NIECE OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON: MRS. JAMES ARTHUR.

Mr. James Arthur, nephew of Sir Matthew Arthur, of Fullarton, Ayrshire, married Miss Eleanor Theresa Montgomerie last year.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

out-of-worker. To which he replied: "Dear Madam, I already have one Lady Macbeth on hand. She is in the cloak-room."

Mottoes at Midnight.

Lady Angela Forbes has reason to regret many of the things stolen from Devonshire Terrace, but, on the whole, the burglars let her off lightly, for none of her jewellery was in reach. A copy of her book, "The Broken Commandment," was shamefacedly left in its place, but a box with the inscription incised on the lid: "If only my feet were as good as my heart, I should be playing a different part," went into the marauders' bag. The proverb was evidently too enigmatical to prick a hardened conscience. Indeed, the most literary of cracksmen might fail to solve its meaning, unless it occurred to him that he was carrying away a consolation-prize for a lost foot-race, or for an abandoned Highland dance.

The Real Scot.

Had Lady Angela come into contact with the intruders in Devonshire Terrace, the battle would probably have gone in her favour. She feels, at any rate, that she could have made good practice on a policeman's whistle, whatever else might have befallen. As a keen rider to hounds, a motorist fond of speed, and a writer of romances, she is not unused to tight corners and the ways of turning in them. It was taken for granted, however, that she was at a safe distance; Scotland is inevitable in August to one born a Sinclair-Erskine, and devoted to the North. She married, in 1896, Colonel Forbes, the question of whose domicile was afterwards the subject of an action in the Court of Session, Edinburgh. But he, too, according to the evidence, came out of it sufficiently a Scot. "Looks 'Aberdeen' all over," was the witness-box view of the Duchess of Sutherland; and of his father it was remembered that he would change into a kilt in the train rather than appear in the North in trousers.

Change!

The yacht "Arcadia," which left Leith the other day for a cruise on the Norwegian Fjords, had on board a very legal company. Sir Samuel Evans, Sir Hugh Owen, Mr. Robert Younger, K.C., and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Forbes were among those who gaily started on the Northern journey. But the passengers' list does not disclose whether there is any room for the exercise of Sir Samuel's discretion during the voyage—nevertheless, let the young beware! It is said that the President of the Divorce Court is an inveterate match-maker, in holiday time.



TO MARRY PRINCE JITENDRA OF COOCH BEHAR: PRINCESS INDIRA OF BARODA.

Princess Indira was to have been married to Prince Jitendra in May at Calcutta, but her parents, the Gaekwar and Maharanee of Baroda, refused consent. On August 19 the Princess left St. Moritz for England, to marry the Prince in London.—(Photograph by Lottie Charles.)



FAMOUS AS ENTERTAINER AT GLENTANA, ON DEESIDE: MRS. GEORGE COATS.

Mrs. George Coats, the mother of the Marchioness of Douro, was formerly Miss Margaret Lothian Black, and she married Mr. George Coats, Director of Messrs. J. and P. Coats, Ltd., in 1879. Their town house is 11, Hill Street.—(Photo. by Keturah Collins.)



MISS GLADYS HUGHES, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. R. A. ADDINGTON WAS FIXED FOR AUG. 26.

Miss Gladys Hughes is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas F. Hughes, Commissioner of Imperial Chinese Customs. Mr. Raymond Anthony Addington, of the 26th Light Cavalry, is the second son of the Hon. Gerald Addington, of Upottery Manor, Honiton.—Photo. by Lottie Charles.



THE SON OF A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST ENGAGED: MR. LANCELOT CHARLES PERRIN AND MISS VERA ALEXANDRINA ST. JOHN.

Mr. L. C. Perrin is the only son of Mr. Charles Perrin, of the Local Government Board, and Mrs. Alice Perrin, the author of "The Anglo-Indians" and many other novels of Indian life. He is in the Indian Public Works Department, United Provinces. Miss Vera St. John is the youngest daughter of Colonel G. F. St. John, R.A., who has served with much distinction in India and China. The wedding is to take place in India in November.

Photograph by Lawrie, and Harrods, Ltd.



THE DOMESTICITY - REVIVER! A "MAKING-IT-UP" COURT.



1. A TALE OF DESERTION: A WIFE RECOUNTING HER WRONGS BEFORE JUDGE CORNELL IN THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT, NEW YORK.

3. NEW YORK'S SPECIAL COURT OF JUSTICE FOR MATRIMONIAL DISPUTES: THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT—AN OLD BUILDING AT THE CORNER OF PRINCE AND WOOSTER STREETS.

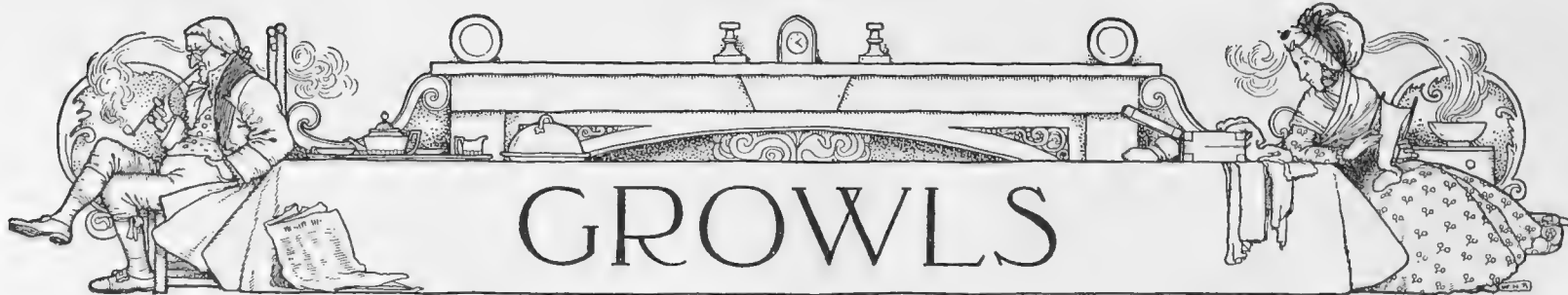
4. AN ILL-USED WIFE TELLS HER STORY TO A WOMAN PROBATION OFFICER.

New York has a special court, known as the Domestic Relations Court, presided over by Judge Cornell, for the settlement of matrimonial disputes. Most of the cases can be classed under three heads:—1. A woman who says her husband lost his job through drink and has not supported his family for months. In these cases the husband is usually 'to blame.' 2. A woman who says her husband left home two years ago, and has not been heard of since. Here the wife is partly to blame,

2. THE ISSUE OF A WARRANT FOR AN ERRING HUSBAND: ON THE LEFT, THE DETECTIVE WHO WILL SERVE IT—ON THE RIGHT, THE DESERTED WIFE AND CHILD.

5. RECONCILED BY MEANS OF THE LAW: HUSBAND AND WIFE MAKE IT UP,

as a rule, for bad temper, or bad housekeeping. 3. A woman who complains because her husband refuses to work. Cases of parents neglected in old age and ungrateful children are also dealt with. Outside the chief clerk's office there is a room for complaints, in which sits a woman probation officer from the Department of Charities. Wives and husbands (if present) appear together before the judge. Often proceedings end in reconciliations and promises of reform.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



THE SURGING OF SURGERY: AN UNPLEASING PROSPECT.

I HAVE extracted a certain amount of patriotic pleasure from the information that the eminent medicos who have put in an attendance at the Medical Congress have expressed themselves fully satisfied with the reception accorded to them in the Metropolis.



ORGANISING A TEAM TO ATTEMPT THE RECOVERY OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: LORD ASHBY ST. LEDGERS.

Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, who is organising a team to attempt the recovery next year of the International Polo Cup, which England failed to regain in June, is the first Baron, and was born in January 1873, eldest son of Lord and Lady Wimborne, and, through his mother, grandson of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. He served in South Africa, with the Imperial Yeomanry; was well known in the House of Commons; and has been Paymaster-General. In 1902, he married the Hon. Alice K. S. Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Ebury.

Photograph by Sport and General.

to dwindle and to give place to a chill fear for what is to come. The more carefully I peruse the revelations made by these gifted

Nor am I surprised. Every license has been allowed them: they have been given untrammelled opportunities for bragging of their achievements in the past and of arrogantly prognosticating their potentialities in the future; and in the intervals of reading exhaustive and exhausting treatises they have, besides being vouchsafed a sight of the Zoological Gardens and Madame Tussaud's unrivalled anatomical exhibition, been entertained at banquets composed exclusively of such dainty cates as they are in the habit of denying to their patients. This is as it should be. Great Britain has ever been noted for the readiness with which she extends her hospitality, and for the welcoming hand she holds out to all from foreign lands, not excepting those who have found it advisable to flee precipitately from the countries which gave them birth. I have also been pleased to glean from reports of the proceedings that we may rest pretty well assured that the medical profession throughout the world has done much in recent times in the direction of the alleviation of human pain and the prolongation of human life, and that, although such everyday occurrences as colds in the head and corns on the feet continue to baffle their ingenuity, much good work has been accomplished, especially in the department of complicated and imaginative surgery. But it is exactly here that my inward gratification begins

experimentalists, the more surely is it borne in upon me that, if things continue to progress at their present pace, the life to the preservation of which so much scientific research is being dedicated will be hardly worth the living.

The March of Science.

Taking it, of course, for granted that all we have been told is absolutely true and is supported by unimpeachable evidence, it cannot be denied that the skill and resourcefulness of the modern surgeon have led to performances of an astounding character. One can hardly refrain from breaking out into lusty cheers when one reads the narrative of an operator who, faced by the problem of a lad who has lost his knee-cap, promptly amputates the ear of a bystander and deftly uses it to replace the missing cap, and with such completely satisfactory results that the lad grows up to be the champion three-miler of the world. Equally proud must one be of the prowess of one's fellow-men when the tale is unfolded of the legislator driven to religious mania by the innuendos of political opponents, but ultimately cured by the process of grafting upon his body strips of skin neatly removed from the loins of a living rhinoceros. But while these recitals make instructive and stimulating reading, I cannot help asking, myself where it is all to end. It is with a



NOT A FULL-DRESS AFFAIR! THE RHONDDA VALLEY MINERS' CHOIR—IN BATHING-COSTUME—SINGING ON THE SHORE AT DAWLISH, DEVONSHIRE.

The miners sang in Welsh and much entertained a considerable crowd. Photograph by Record Press.

total absence of cheerfulness that I look forward to the day when a skilled practitioner, cognisant of my kindness of heart and general amenability, will suggest that I shall hand over to him my left funny-bone, in order that he may perform an operation which will relieve human suffering and at the same time make good "copy" for the next Medical Congress. I was carefully instructed in my youth as to my duty to my neighbour, but I cannot remember that it included the surrendering to him of portions of my cuticle at a moment's notice. The spoliation of Peter with a view to the remuneration of Paul may have its merits as an economic move, but I question the policy of extending it to the human anatomy.

Where It May Lead.

Naturally enough, the surgeon assures me that he will demand of me no such sacrifices. He will be patient and considerate enough to wait until I am slain by a motor-bicycle before detaching pieces of me for the good of others and the advancement of science. But even this graceful concession fails to satisfy me altogether. Hard as I try, I cannot bring myself to relish the idea of the rush that will be made upon me when that national calamity takes place. In the silent watches of the night I picture the scene: the telephone scattering the tidings of the catastrophe, the crowd of surgical experts hastening to the spot, the feverish scramble for my members and organs—a leg here for a disabled warrior, there the grey matter of my brain for a disappointed candidate for the Laureateship, and there, again, a dozen vertebrae or so for the rehabilitation of a discredited statesman. I see the ghastly dismemberment being conducted with such dreadful thoroughness that very soon nothing remains of what was once I but a thyroid gland for which there happens to be no immediate demand. Altogether, it seems to me that Science does not know where to stop.—MOSTYN T. FIGOTT.



CHAMPIONS OF THE WESTERN COUNTIES, AND AT PRESENT UNBEATEN: THE WESTON-SUPER-MARE LADIES' WATER-POLO TEAM.

In the match against the London Ladies' Team the other day the Weston Ladies tied with the visitors.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

Hotel Hogs.



IV.—THE CORRIDOR - CREEPER.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

THE SAD CASE OF THE "LEGITIMATE" STAGE: WHAT THE B.P. REALLY WANTS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

IT seems preposterous to talk and think of theatres and theatre-goers when one is lying flat at the bottom of a canoe under conveniently weeping branches not so far away from the main stream, but where one can imagine oneself in the backwoods of Canada, so absolute is the silence. I would be only half surprised

to see a Red Indian's head peeping at me from behind yonder bush. In fact, there is a tribe of wild Cockneys in a double-sculler on the other side of the island, but they have for some blessed instants stopped their gramophone, and themselves, I believe, have gone to sleep. I feel very far from London and Paris and first nights. I can hardly evoke the thrill of the first quarter of an hour at a new play, the first bars of the overture, the first glance round, the first appraising of other women's *éclat* and smartness, the slow raising of the curtain. I have enjoyed all those—I shall no doubt enjoy them again—but just now they are to me very much what a newspaper would have been to Robinson

Crusoe—an almost unintelligible echo of an astonishingly superficial civilisation. It is fully two months since I went to a theatre; how came I even to think of it? Oh, yes, I know; the tea-kettle was wrapped up in the *Observer*, and in it (not the kettle) is an article on the sickness of the stage. It is an interesting article in which the writer deplores the lack of interest in the legitimate theatre when music-halls and cinemas are so flourishing. "C. H." thinks it is the high prices of the theatres that turn many people toward the cheaper Variety halls and the "Pictures." I do not think so. I believe that every kind of theatre has its particular public, and that, at equal price, many people would still prefer the halls and the cinematographs to Drama or Comedy, where they used to go before for lack of worse things! The real cause of the abandonment of the theatre by the big public is that the theatre has progressed quicker than the taste of the masses. It has become too good and too true. Bismarck, who knew humanity (so well that his aim seemed to have been decimating it!) said once cynically: "Tell the truth and no one will believe you." This is only a half-truth—tell the truth and every one will shun you and consider you with suspicion. Indeed, the most effective form of originality is to be absolutely simple and truthful. Naturalness is always disconcerting. The theatre has become too real to be risible or even amusing. Most people go to the theatre to forget Life and be forgotten by her, to escape from her in a new guise, in a three-hours re-incarnation. They are no longer Mr. Brown with a nagging wife and an overdrawn banking-account, or Mr. Smith with a bald head and an impending law-suit, but the invincible

"Scarlet Pimpernel," or one of the Three Musketeers, dashing and strong and always successful, the darling of the gods, and of women. But if poor Mr. Brown and poor Mr. Smith, instead of running away from Life, find her peeping at them from behind the curtain, then they will, and they do, renounce the theatre, its pathos

and veracity, for a form of amusement less pitilessly lucid and perversely normal. The histrion of old had two masks—one with a rictus very much like a smile, yet that was not a smile; the other with dolorous, turned-down mouth that yet did not sob convincingly. The modern actor has thrown off the masks. He stands revealed before his fellow-beings in the stalls and the pit, a mere human man crying from the same sort of prosaic pain, vibrating with the same every-day joys as they who have paid to see him thrill. But he thrills now with beautifully common emotions. And Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith do not like it. Very few people like it apart from those self-made-miserable (degenerates with an artistic tempera-

ment and a morbid *penchant* for realism) called the Intellectuals.

It is much safer for one's digestion to see two jugglers in pale-blue satin accomplishing a feat of equilibrium with plates and bottles than to see "The Wild Duck" or "Justice." Much

more comforting is the inevitable and likewise elementary justice of a cinematograph picture than "Sappho" or "The Eldest Son." The big public does not want to be convinced, but to congratulate itself that there is some fun to be got on the earth after all, if only you look for it in the right places—that is, on the variety stage or at the picture-palace.

The question of price has an infinitesimal share in the preference of the majority. Why should the theatre-going masses have a different taste from the reading masses? If Sterne were on the bookstalls at the same competitive price as, say, Mr. William Le Queux' detective stories, which do you think would reach the bigger sale? What the public wants is not what will make it think, but what will prevent it from thinking. Where the public goes is not to see a representation of its unsatisfactory, purposeless, illogical existence, but for a journey in the land of nonsense and obvious drollery. A few of us want good plays and get them; many of the others want popular plays at popular prices, and should get them. Everyone must laugh! And all of us in the month of August would prefer plays, good or bad, in open-air theatres. There is no other nation

than the English better at laying out grass and greenery, and there is no other nation that makes less use of its natural scenery either for acting or eating. Yet it does not rain quite every day in England!



IN THEIR STREET DRESS: ISADORA - DUNCAN DANCING - CHILDREN
AT FASHIONABLE DEAUVILLE.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



THE INDISCREET SUN! A LIGHT-SUMMER-DRESS EFFECT AT
EVERYBODY'S - GOING - TO - IT DEAUVILLE.

Photograph by Delius.

THE TEST OF TESTS.



ALGY: Everybody loves a lover!

DAISY: Oh, that reminds me—father wants to see you this evening.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



PLEASURE BY THE FOOT: "THE ROMANCE OF THE CINEMA."

**Cinematograph
"Stories."**

With a rapidity akin to the speed with which its film-scenes are taken, the cinematograph is speeding into world-wide fame which will endure. Even those would-be-wise folk who were wont to laugh at the Picture Palaces, and still smile—perhaps a little justifiably—at certain presentations in those gilded halls of the tip-up chair, the mixed music, and the cheap prices, have had to season their superiority with common-sense and acknowledge that there is much more in the living-picture than at first meets the eye. In the papers, too, the new art—for it is still in its infancy, despite the perfection of some of its attainments—has come into its own: it is being freely paragraphed whenever it yields, as it often does, what the journalist calls a good "story." In the last few days we have been reading of the thousands of pounds spent on the production of plays for filming and of great profits earned nevertheless; of the recognition of a long-lost brother in an actor in "Quo Vadis?"; of the cinematograph as "school-teacher"; of adventurous aeroplane and balloon flights and fights by players engaged in a picture-drama; of Army life officially cinematographed, for the attracting of recruits by object-lessons, and that the Flying Corps may be the better able to judge the degrees of invisibility, as seen from the air, of troops marching over ground of various types and of air-craft flying over different areas and under certain light-conditions.

**"Secrets"
Revealed.**

For all that, for all the familiarity with results, it cannot be said that the methods of the maker of history, or what not, by the foot are matters of general knowledge. There is no reason why they should not be, for the "secrets" of the business but add to the admiration which must be felt for numbers of those engaged in it, their patience, their ingenuity, their skill. So it is that such a book of revelations as "The Romance of the Cinema" is welcome. It "gives away," but, equally, it must be as much a cause of gratification to those interested in the "turning of the handle" as it is to those who read of the doings of their amusement-providers extraordinary. In the compass of a comparatively small book, designedly "popular" and non-technical, Mr. Steer has contrived to deal with many—doubtless, all—the phases. His facts are many and illuminating.

**Astonishing
Figures.**

"Six years ago the total number of employes in cinematograph theatres in Great Britain was about 500. They now exceed 125,000. Their weekly wage-bill probably runs into £250,000 or more, or £12,000,000 per annum. And it is estimated that the number of people visiting them per week must be well over 8,000,000—416,000,000 people a year! At the present time there are about 16,000 picture-theatres in America, and it is estimated that they

are patronised by more than 6,000,000 people a day. Nearly £30,000,000 a year are spent in admission-money, in spite of the fact that the prices of seats are much lower in America than here." And again: "The West End Cinema . . . cost £120,000 to build and equip. . . . In order to film 'The Siege of Petersburg,' the Kalim Company built a bridge longer than London Bridge across an arm of the Mississippi and set fire to it. The structure cost several thousand pounds, and took many weeks to construct; yet it was destroyed, for the purpose of the play, in a few minutes. . . .

The Edison studio cost £20,000 to build . . . some of the big 'exclusive' films . . . have cost as much as £15,000 and £20,000 to produce. . . . It is announced . . . that Herr Max Reinhardt, the producer of 'The Miracle,' has entered into a contract . . . to produce a series of cinematograph-dramas. Herr Reinhardt is said to have been guaranteed a minimum of £2500 per drama!—that, of course, only for his services as producer. Those be figures, my masters! And it all came out of the Zoetrope, for which Edward Muybridge took a series of photographs of animals in motion thirty years ago! To think that there is given now as a reason for the fact that the crowds at the Coronation processions were small—the cinematograph.

"Some people said that the smallness of the crowd was due to the elaborate police regulations and barricades which had frightened people away. Others alleged it was because King George was not such a popular personality as his father. But it was neither of these things. The real reason why the people kept away from the Coronation processions was because they did not see the use of standing for five or six hours under a broiling sun in a thick crowd,

with the very probable chance of seeing nothing but the soldiers' helmets, when by paying sixpence at a picture-theatre the same evening they could see the whole thing in comfort—from a cushioned stall."

The Film-Player.

For the rest, let it be noted—for the benefit of the ambitious—the actor for the cinematograph has no easy time of it. "The actor or actress must absolutely 'look the part.' There is no possibility on the cinematograph of too elaborate a make-up. The camera sees through such deceptions at once. . . . An old man in a cinema play must be a real old man, and a young girl a real

'flapper.' The day of the picture-player is a long one. . . . Work begins at eight o'clock in the morning punctually, and seldom finishes before eight at night. The waits are long. . . . Producers and players must be ready the moment the light is right. . . . The average picture-player daily takes risks which would appal the ordinary public were they only there to see." But when they make good, they make very, very good! Witness John Bunny, the inimitable cinema-comedian. Seeking work as a player for the film, he was "turned down" twenty-three times in one day. Then he called on a manager and, instead of talking, began to make funny "faces" at him. He was engaged at once and is now a Star of Stars!



THE AUTUMN HOME OF THE ONLY PLAYWRIGHT-BARONET: KILLIECRANKIE COTTAGE, OCCUPIED BY SIR J. M. BARRIE.

Killiecrankie Cottage, Perthshire, is situated at the head of the historic Pass of Killiecrankie. Sir J. M. Barrie's new play is due at the Duke of York's on Sept. 4.



A SCOTTISH "FISHER-GIRL": CROSSING THE RIVER WHEN THE WATER IS LOW.

Photograph by Ross.

THE STORY OF THE ESCAPE.



THE WEED: Yes, it's extraordinary what golf will do for a man; you ought to have seen me before I took it up!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE DEAD GENERAL.

By HAROLD BLIND.

IN a darkened room of the Residency the General Officer Commanding lay dying. In the far corner near the door the Divisional Commissioner, the Aide-de-Camp, the Superintendent of Police, and the Doctor whispered together. Outside, the British flag drooped from the staff before which paced the Houssa sentry, in his khaki uniform, with its broad red cummerbund and the jaunty red fez upon his woolly black head. In the verandah two native policemen nursed their clubs and gazed stolidly across the plantations of bananas, yams, maize, cassava, and ground-nuts, broken by palm-groves, to where the virgin forest stood like a dark and lowering wall about the spacious clearing. The yellow river slid, gurgling, past the thatched houses and corrugated-iron shanties of the town, the red sun had dipped behind the trees, the mists were rising, and insects had appeared in swarms.

The Doctor, who was new to the coast, had just delivered his final decision to the three officials. He could do nothing for the lank figure strapped to the camp-bed beneath the white veil of mosquito-curtains. He had administered palliatives, and now waited for the gun-boat which would give the patient the ghost of a chance by taking him out to sea, if he could last until he got there.

The sun set, the flag was hauled down, the guards were changed, and the river gurgled louder above the winged hum of tiny life and the night noises of the African forest.

In the adjoining room the Superintendent of Police poured three pegs into three tall glasses. The Doctor drank his down, saying, "I'll go and get a few hours' sleep. 'Night!"

The D.C. and the Policeman flung themselves into long cane chairs.

"What do *you* make of this, Homeleigh?" asked the Commissioner.

The Policeman lit a native-rolled cheroot. Then they looked at each other, and turned their eyes away.

"I don't know," said Homeleigh. "I suppose the Doctor's right." Pratt laughed.

From the stifling blackness without came a far-off, long-drawn buzzing—indescribable, weird. It rose and fell, and died. As it ceased a cry and a groan came from the sick-room. The two men heard the bed stir and creak as the General struggled, and the A.D.C. got up to try to soothe him.

"That has happened every night for the last three nights. They have used the Oro till dawn, and each time the paroxysms have followed the sound. Odd, isn't it?" said Pratt.

"I suppose it is," replied Homeleigh. "But you don't—you don't believe that the Oro—that whatever magic and spells the priests might make—would have taken any effect? Good Lord!"

"Well, look here, old man. You see, I've been in this country, off and on, all my life. I know just a little about the people. I'll draw no deductions—I'll state the facts. The General hangs two priests for Ritual Murder. He swears that he will break the power of the Ogboni League. He entirely changes from that moment. He begins drinking like a fish. He refuses to take his leave and go home. He becomes almost a madman in lots of ways that you can't quite get hold of. He starts out on this crazy tour through the Protectorate. There are rumours that he is away at nights. . . .

"He goes on and on until it ends in what the Doctor diagnoses as several different things complicated by 'D.T.' Now, you know how the Ogboni League hold the temporal and spiritual power in their grip, how they terrorise the people—how even the Balés and Alafins, and the Oni himself, are dependent on the good-will of this secret and magical society. As soon as the G.O.C. offends them he goes to pieces. That's all!"

The mysterious roaring of the Oro came to them again.

"H'm!" said Homeleigh. "Now I come to think of it, Pratt, that bull-roarer has haunted us nightly during all our marches."

He got up. They heard the General howling like a beast in anguish.

"You notice," said Pratt. "He does this all night, and lies in a stupor all day. It is big magic, that's what it is, and you and I know it. What shall we do?"

"Thank God, I'm going back to England for six months' leave this wet season . . . thank God!" said the other irrelevantly, wiping his face.

The thermometer on the wall stood at 103 degrees of heat—moist, sticky heat, which made the air as unbreathable as if the night were compressing it upon the reeking earth. Pratt struck a match.

"I've got an idea, Homeleigh," said he, lighting up. "Come and relieve young Spencer."

He blew a cloud of smoke from his nose, and they went into the next room. The A.D.C. rose to meet them, and his face was white and pinched.

"I say, you chaps, it's awful being alone with him! I was nearly cailing you."

"You go and turn in. Take a stiff peg and ten grains of quinine, and sleep the sleep of the just."

"But what about you fellows . . . really, I am quite all . . ."

"Don't be an ass—get out! We're old hands at this game! We live and thrive on insomnia, malaria, cinchona, and the bites of our friend Anophales. Besides, we'll drag you out fast enough when you've had your beauty sleep. Night-night!"—and Pratt pushed the A.D.C. from the threshold and shut the door after him. Then he came to the bed and said to Homeleigh, "Loosen the straps."

Once Homeleigh began to shake, for he had looked into the sunken eyes

"Now come and wait," said Pratt.

They heard their watches ticking. Then once more the Oro sounded from the town, and the General, with infinite cunning, extricated himself from the thongs they had loosened, and walked steadily and stealthily to the window which opened on to the verandah.

"It is kill or cure," whispered Pratt. "Come along."

"But this morning he was too weak to be moved!" said Homeleigh.

The General stole along until he reached the steps, and slid down them like a cat. Pratt motioned to the sentry, who was about to stop him, and the soldier rolled his eyes and presented arms as he would have done, by day, to the G.O.C.

"Homeleigh, go back and bring your police and twenty Houssas, and surround the ju-ju house in the sacred grove of Roko-trees—right ahead from here, about a mile; you can't miss it—you'll see the tall white trunks. Any of my men will guide you. Be quick!" said Pratt, when they had followed the General through the crops and past the silent compounds.

Both men were panting, for from far ahead the Oro kept sounding faintly, and the General responded by breaking into a loping trot. But mostly he walked slowly, like a man in a dream.

The Superintendent of Police turned, and began to run back along the narrow trail. Pratt and the General disappeared into the forest.

In the temple of the Orisha the priests of the gods and the divine elders of the Ogboni League performed their ghastly rites. The

[Continued overleaf.]

WE GIVE THIS IDEA AWAY.



They Say—Some of the Croakers—That Musical Comedy is on the Wane. We Don't Believe It; But, Anyway, Why Not Try Shakespeare and Music—Adapted Shakespeare and Light Music? "The Merchant of Venice" Might Do Quite Well as "The Jew and the Girl; or, Who Kissed the K.C.?" and Bacon Would Be Revenged!

DRAWN BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

temple and its images reeked with human blood, for they were working the black magic of olden days, and the ducklings decreed by the British Government as substitutes for slaves would be of no avail. The heads of four victims had fallen by the dreadful Eda-knife, wielded by the Oluoba himself—the mysterious wizard who is chief of the League. The spouting blood had poured over the Eda figure and the Orisha. It had been caught in the goblets made from human skulls, and quaffed. The Oro was whirled until it boomed and buzzed madly, and the assembly shrieked, “Adja Aka-oko! Hekwa Oro! Hekwa Oro!” according to the immemorial custom.

All about the shrine the mighty Roko-trees—which are “big magic,” and from whose sacred wood the bull-roarers are cut—reared their white, straight trunks hundreds of feet towards the starlit sky, and the fireflies flitted round them.

The Mummelé had answered as the Baba-lawo—“The Father of the Secret”—consulted this oracle by means of the Kola nuts.

“He comes!” cried the prophet-wizard.

“He comes!” echoed the Olowu.

“He comes!” moaned the rest. “Adja Aka-oko! Hekwa Oro! Hekwa Oro!”—as the bull-roarer resounded again, and they danced the ritualistic dance, naked, blood-smeared, appalling.

“Woe to him who hath betrayed the mighty Ogboni!” called the Oluoba. “Woe! Woe! Woe! The cup is prepared! The goblet brims!”

There was a silence in the temple.

“He is come! He is come!” incanted the Baba-lawo.

And into the reek of blood and burnt-offerings, into the glare of the fires and torches, stepped the withered figure of the General, tall, straight, and commanding.

“But not alone! But not alone! Another comes!” whispered the Oluoba.

“One comes with the doomed! One comes with the dead!” chanted the wizards.

Behind the General stood the Divisional Commissioner, spick and span in white . . . his pith helmet low over his haggard face, down which the sweat ran in streams.

“Let the white men die! Let the white men die! The oracle hath spoken! They are as already dead!” said the Oluoba, picking up a skull filled with some abominable liquid.

“Let the ritual go on! The gods must be appeased, and will guard their own! The Eda must have blood! O Shango, God of the Thunder, he hath come, and one with him! They are thine! O Orisha, they are thy meat and thy drink! Their blood is thy drink! O Ossenj! The mighty! The awful! Give power! Give power!”

The Oro sang its horrible song, and the maddened savages screamed once more, “Hekwa Oro! Hekwa Oro!”

The General advanced quietly and took the skull from the hands of the Oluoba, who said “Ogboni!”

And the General answered “Ogborra!”—which is the mystic countersign used by members of the League.

“Good God! He was initiated!” said Pratt.

Then he strode up to the image of the Orisha, near which lay the mutilated bodies of the sacrifices, and lifted his hand, and said in the Yoruban dialect, “Stop!”

His voice carried. He knew he must gain time. He pointed to the Oluoba, who still kept his hands on the skull from which the General was to drink.

“I see,” said the Divisional Commissioner, “the towns in ashes, the crops destroyed, the live-stock driven off! I see the soldiers of the Government hunting the warriors through the bush! I see you and all your elders, swinging from a high gibbet, and the rest of you within the walls of the prisons! Unless ye take the spell from off the white War-Chief I will see that every one of you is slain or sent to jail! Take warning! We be the masters!”

“The gods demand vengeance! They have spoken! Begone whilst there is time. Thou art just. Thou hast done us good and no harm, as hath this War-Chief! Begone before they slay thee!” said the Oluoba, whispering the last words.

“Nay; I am the Master! If I die, I die; and those who follow will avenge my death. The white steamers with the big guns will come up all the rivers, and their boats will creep up the smallest creeks and find the evildoers! Surely, father, you recall the wars which overthrew Ashanti, and the destruction of Benin! You cannot stand against the English! The League holds peace or war within its right hand and its left. We care not which ye loose!”

The old Yoruban slowly withdrew the skull-cup from the hands of the General, who stood in a kind of hypnotic trance. Pratt followed up his advantage.

“Tell me, father, thou knowest I have been just—I have seen that the Balés carry out their oaths sworn to the People and the Ogboni when they are elected. There is order and peace, and the Terror of Old is lifted from the land. The demons have lost their malignant power. Tell me, I say, wherein has the great War-Chief harmed you, and how is he come within your power?”

Then the Oluoba told how the General, by great bribes, had been admitted to the mysteries of the Ogboni . . . had taken the oaths and seen the sacrifice, and eaten the sacred Kola nut from off the Eda image. The Divisional Commissioner saw the whole hideous story in flashes, as the low voice spoke on. . . . The curious kink in the brain of a great soldier deeply interested in the ethnology and mythology and inner life of these strange peoples, who are, some say, the degenerate and broken descendants of the mighty civilisation of lost Atlantis. He understood, now, the curious revival of human sacrifice which had sprung up, sporadically, of late. He knew of the revulsion which had come upon the General, which made him use all his influence to kill the Ogboni’s secret power. He heard how the council of the League had sent the cup of parrots’ eggs to the General; how he had ignored the warning, and fallen, in some queer way, under the spell of the sorcerers. Scientific investigation had become doubt—the atmosphere of the country had worked on that little kink in the brilliant brain—the doubt had slowly matured into belief . . . and then, of course, the magic worked . . . helped by animal magnetism, if you like. That was how Pratt explained it to himself.

There was a certain great dignity about the Oluoba, who came of pure Yoruban stock and was not a negro.

Pratt played his trump-card, saying, “I have heard. Now take the spell from off the War-Chief and all shall be forgiven. The Banga is surrounded by the soldiers and the police! Take off the spell, or you shall answer for the bodies of those your victims—obey!”

He pointed to the decapitated bodies. There was an instant of tense silence. Pratt walked to the door of the temple. His cool nerve dominated the situation.

“Be quick! Shall I call in the constables?” he said.

A white figure came towards him out of the night. It was the Superintendent of Police.

“The bush is full of natives,” said Homeleigh. “There may be the devil of a row if we rush the place!”

The two white men advanced into the Banga.

“See, I have spoken truth! Take off the spell!” ordered the Commissioner again.

There was still that uncanny silence. Then the Oluoba motioned to the Baba-lawo, who crept up to the General with curious contortions of his body. He laid his hand over the heart of the pyjama-clad figure, which stood so straight and still, and muttered some words. The G.O.C. started, looked at Pratt with sane and seeing human eyes, and then Homeleigh caught him as he fell.

Not a native moved, and the African night, broken by its minute noises, hung over them, oppressive as the heat. The Commissioner called aloud into the stillness, and, after a little pause, a sergeant and two Houssas came into the foetid temple. They looked ghastly, but stood stiffly to attention. At the command, they lifted the General and carried him out. In the same utter silence, Homeleigh and Pratt followed.

There was a rustling and the noise of armed men as the police and troops formed up. . . . And then the sound of marching in the darkness. The bush was very quiet, but uncannily alive.

The next evening, at sunset, the dead General was laid to rest in a new-made grave, and the black troops fired the customary volleys, and the black buglers sounded “The Last Post,” and the black soldiery and constabulary stood reverently, with arms reversed, as the Divisional Commissioner read the majestic words of the English Burial Service. The General had died a sane man.

That night there was a tremendous orgy in the native town, and the Oro boomed in the sacred groves in the forest, where the fires glared in the temples, and the wizards and priests held high festival.

“The moral of the whole business,” said Pratt, who was trying to explain to the A.D.C., “is this: administer—but do not meddle!”

And he swallowed five grains of sulphate of quinine, and washed it down with tepid whisky-and-soda.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

FREAK GOLF: POINT-TO-POINTS, AND ROUNDS BY LANTERN, CANDLE, AND MOONLIGHT.

The Freak Season. As surely as the sun shines in the months of August and September, so do a large proportion of golfers develop a tendency towards playing the game in a freakish sort of way. Every golfer does it. Some have it that it is not the heat that causes it, but overplay and a certain sort of weariness.

In its mildest form, freak golf consists of playing a round of the course with one club only; at the next stage, the player affected may permit his opponent to pick up his ball from any place at which it lies and give himself any kind of lie that he likes. Then the disease progresses through various forms, until you get men playing golf over vast moors and up mountains, and doing the best sort of golf by candle-light or by the light of the moon. During this present holiday season many of the forms have been strikingly exemplified. We began a few weeks ago with a man doing seven rounds a day, which was not a record. More recently, we have had them doing cross-country golf to some good sporting effect. Two players undertook to play a ball from Maidstone to Littlestone-

one hole to pay for at the finish—though £500 is quite enough to pay for a hole; and the well-known sportsman of the time who made a note of the affair said that the really remarkable thing about the whole business was that the players did the holes in about the same figures that they would have done them in in daylight. When this historic affair is alluded to, it is generally agreed that that really was a most remarkable thing; but has it never been suspected that Mr. Horatio Ross was talking sarcastic, and meant to suggest that the fine fellows who made this wager could not be depended upon to do a hole in a hundred at any time? Golf by candle-light has been tried, and there has been plenty of golf at midnight, as at Dornoch and other places up north, where, about the longest day, it does not go dark at all. On another page is illustrated a special course for nocturnal golf in New Jersey.

Golf by Moonlight.

But golf by moonlight is the best of all, and there has been a little of that done lately. In olden times David Strath once went round St. Andrews itself in less than a hundred; and R. G. McAndrew, about nine years ago, went round Wollaston, one of the best of the American courses, in 80, having backed himself to do it in less than a hundred. Caddies were picketed at many points on the course at each hole to listen for the dropping of the ball, but they were very little needed, for McAndrew played as if he had the noonday sun at his service, and kept a beautifully straight line all the time. Now a match between two opposing parties has been done by this moonlight, and the play was very wonderful. South Africa was the scene, and the parties were Jack Brews, the professional to the Pretoria Club at Waterkloof, and Mr. A. Henderson, a member of the club. The moon was shining very well that night, and, having two natives for caddies, the players started out at twenty minutes past eight, and only took two hours and twenty minutes for their round, which is not more than is taken for an average round at a seaside course just now. Marvellous

HENRY LEACH.



WINNER OF A STROKE COMPETITION AT AIX-LES-BAINS, WITH A TOTAL OF 71: LORD KNARESBOROUGH.

In the recent stroke competition at Aix, for the Prix des Hotels, Lord Knaresborough, who was at

[Continued on page 6.]

on-Sea, some thirty-five miles, in 2000 strokes. They accomplished their task with nearly a thousand strokes to spare, for at the finish their score was 1087. Men heard of this in Sussex, and a golfer there made a bet with two others that they could not play from Forest Row, where is the Ashdown Forest Club, to Crowborough. This country is one of the roughest and scrubbiest parts of Sussex, hills covered with heather and woods abounding. In this case again the golfers scored, for they golfed the distance between the two courses in 184 strokes, which was very good going. This match was illustrated in the *Sketch* of Aug. 6.

Some Forms of Fancy.

Then we have had a case of moonlight golf. There are many enthusiasts who, when they are well on the game, regret that the daylight ends so soon; but generally they sigh and let it go at that. But occasionally there is a revolt. Was not the first case of golf by night that in the early and richly sporting days of the last century, when George Osbaldeston cut such a figure in the sporting world, and when golf in the south was really an unknown thing, and a three-hole match by the light of lanterns was played between Lord Kennedy and the late Mr. Cruickshank of Langley Park for a stake of £500 a hole? They started at about ten o'clock; there was only



LORD KNARESBOROUGH'S OPPONENT IN THE PRIX DES HOTELS, AT AIX-LES-BAINS: LORD HOWE.

[Continued] the top of his game, returned the excellent card 85-14 = 71. Mr. J. C. Miles was next with a total of 80.



YET ANOTHER! THE NEW BULL BAY GOLF LINKS, NEAR AMLWCH, SEA-PORT AND WATERING-PLACE OF NORTH WALES—THE CLUB-HOUSE.

Amlwch—you must ask the Chancellor how to pronounce it—is fourteen miles from Holyhead. The new links were opened the other day, when Braid and Taylor played a couple of rounds over the course.

Photograph by Topical.

to say, Brews had nothing worse than a five in his round, and did the eighteen holes in 74; while his opponent holed out the full course in 90. There are many players who would never play by anything else except moonlight if they could at such time do such scores as these.



THE POTTING OF "ARTHUR'S": SOME NEW DANCERS: AN OLD SONG.

IT was inevitable that "Arthur's," that admirable book of Mr. A. Neil Lyons', should sooner or later contribute in some form or other to a music-hall stage. Someone was bound to see that there is plenty of material for half-a-dozen sketches in the work, and now at the Chelsea Palace is to be seen "The Gentleman Who Was Sorry," a "kerbstone episode," apparently the work of the author of the book himself. All those who have read "Arthur's," which is the generic by-name for all keepers of coffee-stalls, will be as glad as I was to renew acquaintance with several of the old friends. There is Arthur himself, dispensing the steaming coffee and endeavouring to keep the baby out of the bread-and-butter; there is the unmarried Kitty with her baby, and her lover who is always proposing to marry her; there is that dreadful sailorman with mumps, whose repertory of songs deals with dreadful cases of people "spettin' up the pur-ah-pul blood like wine"; and there is the young gentleman of dipsomaniacal tendencies who is the father of Kitty's child, and who is made by Kitty to feel sorry. I could not find out from the programme the names of those who take these several characters, but they all seemed to give a fairly adequate idea of the personages they were representing. I am not quite sure that Arthur is precisely as I pictured Arthur every time I read the book; but if it is the author's idea of Arthur, then it must, of course, be all right. The Kitty struck me as being exactly right, and the sailorman with mumps gave off his blood-curdling ditties with quite the right amount of gloating in gore. When one has really liked a book, one is apt to be a little difficult to satisfy when it comes to transplanting the characters on to the stage, but here I experienced no disappointment. The portion selected for the sketch gives a very good notion of the book, and is so treated that those who have not been fortunate enough to read the original are quite able to follow the plot and appreciate its atmosphere.

At a Matinée.

The past week drew a lot of attention to the music-halls. In its course the question arose as to the desirability of permitting Jack Johnson to make his appearance on the stage of a London hall, and there was a great disputation over the effect wrought by the music-hall revue on the musical comedy of the theatre. On top of these portentous happenings came the tidings that the Chiswick Empire had been burnt out. But I found none of these things disturbing the equanimity of a holiday audience at the Palace last Wednesday afternoon. It was nothing to them whether the much-boomed negro

showed himself or not, and they did not bother their heads about the fate of musical comedy. They had come to spend a pleasant afternoon, and to all appearances they were getting what they wanted. They derived a great deal more enjoyment from "I Should Worry" than I could ever hope to do, and in that capacity they

are to be envied. One turn that seemed to please them especially was that provided by the Dancing Millers, who have every justification for describing themselves as "whirlwind dancers" on the bills. These two accomplished people do all sorts of astonishing things while they are going through their dancing, and the lady allows the gentleman to subject her to treatment which is at times so violent as almost to suggest that he is seeing how much she actually can endure. But in spite of all this violence, the performance is never ugly, and even when the lady is being hurtled through the air, the fact that it is a dance is never lost sight of, and gracefulness is preserved under the most volcanic conditions. The Palace has made for itself a name as the home of the dance, and certainly this latest

exhibition will take a great deal of beating in its own particular style.

An Evergreen.

Twice have I been to the Tivoli with the express purpose of seeing Mme. Olga Petrova, and on each occasion her time on the programme has been altered and I have been doomed to disappointment. There is something so

attractive about the name, something suggestive of a beautiful Nihilist, and when she is stated to appear "in comedy and tears" the attractiveness is multiplied one hundredfold. But, as I have said, Providence so willed it that I have not yet been in a position to know whether all these pleasurable anticipations are to be realised. On the second occasion, instead of hearing something new, I heard something quite old, being nothing more or less than a gentleman—I think his name was Ricano—attired in naval dress of a by-gone pattern, and singing "The Death of Nelson." He had a big tenor voice of a rousing quality, and sang the old song with much fire and spirit, and the house was properly responsive to his efforts. It was good to see how well this hardy old song went. The rag-time obses-

sion may be something of a nuisance while it lasts, but we can rest comfortably assured that it cannot last for ever, and that when it does go there are still amongst us many favourites from the days of old; and that, when "Hitchy-Koo" is finally relegated to the dust-heap, "The Death of Nelson" will still be found getting at the hearts of people with its refrain of "England, home, and beauty."—ROVER.



THE "GABY DESLYS" OF "8d. A MILE," AT THE ALHAMBRA: MISS MAY FLOWER.

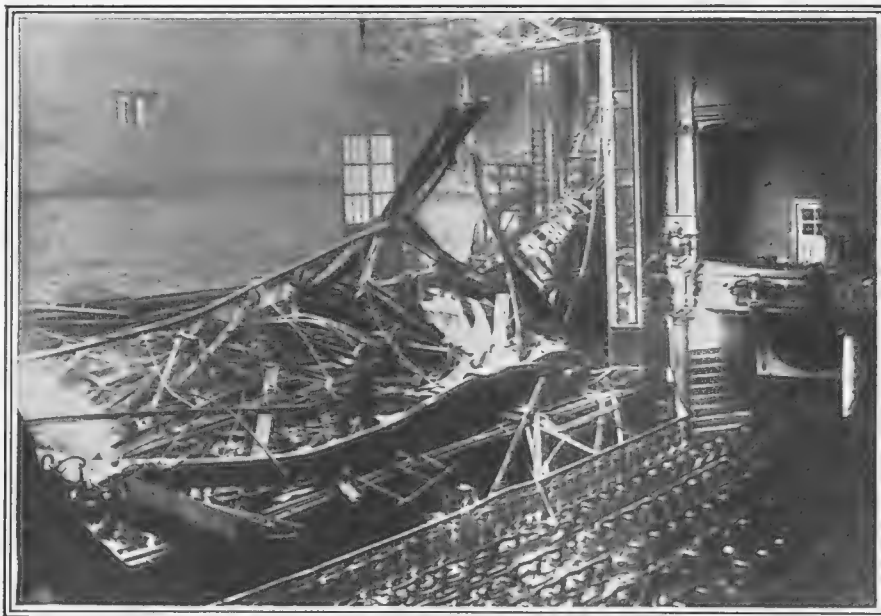
Miss May Flower is appearing in "8d. a Mile," the popular and well-named revue at the Alhambra.

Photograph by Abdey.



ACTRESS AND DAUGHTER OF A SURGEON-GENERAL: MISS GWEN WILLIAMS.

Miss Williams, who is on tour in "The Turning Point," is the only daughter of Surgeon-General Williams, C.B., Australian Commonwealth Military Forces.



AFTER THE FIRE AT THE CHISWICK EMPIRE—WHICH IS NOT A YEAR OLD: THE BURNT-OUT STAGE AND PART OF THE DAMAGED AUDITORIUM.

Fire broke out in the Chiswick Empire the other day, with the lamentable results here illustrated. The theatre was only opened last September.—[Photograph by Topical.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

AIR, MORE AIR, FOR BENZOL : UNDER-INFLATION : THE COUPE DE L'AUTO : R.A.C. TOURING GUIDES.

To Reduce Running Costs.

Those of my readers who, with a view to reducing running expenses, are contemplating recourse to benzol should write to the Secretary of the Petrol Substitutes Joint Committee, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C., for a copy of an explanatory booklet entitled "How to Use Benzol." This most valuable and instructive little work is the joint production of three executive members of committees of the R.A.C., the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and the A.A., appointed to inquire into the subject of substitute fuels. Those motorists who possess cars fitted with means by which additional air can be admitted to the mixing-chamber or inlet-pipe are in quite a good position for using their existing apparatus with benzol. Less fuel and more air is required when benzol is used, and if the additional air is admitted above the

throttle-valve the suction on the jets is diminished. In cases where a carburetter is not provided with a controllable air-supply, one or other of the additional air fittings sold should be obtained. The Bowden Air Inlet, sold by Bowden Wire, Ltd., of Pratt Street, Camden Town, is moderately priced, and easily fitted in the position above suggested.

carburetter to each cylinder; an Alda (82.5 mm. by 140 mm.); and two Buicks, with engines 100 mm. bore and 95 mm. stroke. The performances of these American cars will be watched with great interest.



WITH "AIRWOMAN" IN CHARGE: "AN AEROPLANE FLYING OVER AN AVIATION-GROUND"—AN EXHIBIT AT THE JERSEY BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

The exhibit here illustrated, which was shown by Mrs. J. H. Roche, was worked out in rambler roses, carnations, asters, and geraniums. It was wheeled by Miss Edith Roche, representing an airwoman.—[Photograph by C.N.]

tyres under-inflated, for fear of a burst brought about by excessive pressure." This, says the Company, is a popular fallacy at present firmly fixed in the minds of automobile owners; and there never was a more erroneous or costly notion. It is impossible for the air in a tyre to expand sufficiently from heat to cause dangerous strain. On the other hand, the probability of damage to tyres by under-inflation is very great.

Another Great Race in France.

There is yet another open race to come off in France, and this is what is known as the Coupe de L'Auto, an event promoted by that most enterprising daily French sporting journal, *L'Auto*. It will be decided over the Boulogne Circuit on Sept 21 next, and is limited to cars having engines of a maximum capacity of 3000 c.c. This event should have much interest for English motorists, as, up to the present moment (and the entries do not close until Aug. 31), two Sunbeams and two Vauxhall cars are already engaged. I think I am right in stating that this is the event in which the Sunbeams finished one, two, and three last year, when the race was run in connection with the Grand Prix. The Vauxhall engines are 90 mm. in bore and 118 mm. in stroke. Amongst the twenty entries are an Anagasti with a four-cylinder (78 mm. by 156 mm.) engine, and a Claudel



SENT TO COVENTRY BY HIS DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE: THE KING OF BUGANDA AT THE TRIUMPH CYCLE AND MOTOR-CYCLE WORKS.

The King of Buganda is the third figure from the left of the photograph. His tutor, Mr. Sturrock, is seen behind him. Also in the photograph are Messrs. Schulte and Hathaway, respectively Managing Director and Works Manager of the Company.

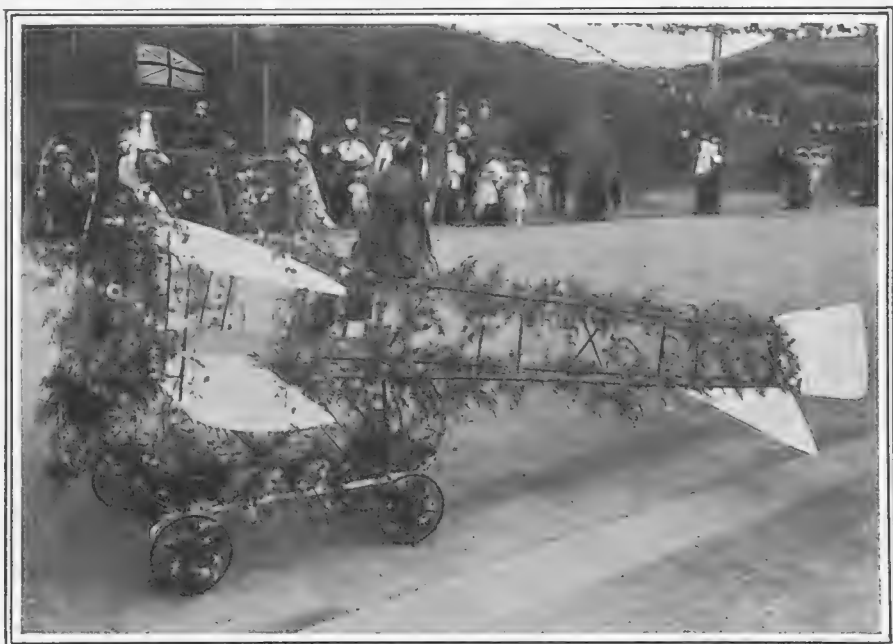
Photograph by Ernest Appleby.

Tips re Tyre Pressures.

The Good-year Tyre and Rubber Company, of Central House, Kingsway, W.C., issue a warning note with regard to the under-inflation of tyres. They say, "Some people have the idea that excessive heat causes expansion of the air within an automobile tyre, and consequently keep their

The Club Guides in Demand.

Here is something for the acrid critics of the Royal Automobile Club's Guide scheme to put into their pipes and forthwith smoke. The Club has been asked by the authorities to place R.A.C. Guides on duty in the neighbourhood of the cross-roads at the Royal Hut, Hindhead, Surrey, for the purpose of regulating the motor traffic there on Saturdays and Sundays on the same lines as those followed by the Guides who were on duty at Godalming last year. The result of the work of these men was evident in the almost entire cessation of prosecutions by the police for disregard of the speed-limit. A similar request has been received from Hertford, where the work of the Touring Guides has now obtained for some time; and at Eastbourne the Town Council have decided to proceed no further with the proposed speed-limit, thanks largely to the good work of the Guides.



WITH "AIRMAN" IN CHARGE: AN "AEROPLANE" EXHIBITED AT THE JERSEY BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

This first-prize-winner was entered by Mr. W. Watts, and was decorated with sweet-peas, geraniums, and asparagus-fern. Master Stanley Watts was the "airman."—[Photograph by C.N.]



LORD BOSTON has gone, like Lord and Lady Anglesey, to Anglesey; Lord and Lady Brooke have gone to Yorkshire; the Duchess of Teck and Lady Battersea last week went their different ways to Norfolk; and everybody else to Scotland. The Grasmere gathering kept people for a time in Cumberland, and the Inverary Games, with the endless dancing competitions that are so dreary to the visiting Englishman, delighted the assembled Campbells, MacDougalls and Malcolms. Lord Howard de Walden and Lord Lovat, quite careless of dates, went North a week late for the first grouse. Lord and Lady Plymouth, well pleased with their new Mount Street tenant, also left town with something less than the punctuality that used to be observed in quitting the May-fair of midsummer.



ENGAGED TO MR. GERALD LLEWELYN INCHBOLD: MISS MARJORIE ISABEL ANDERSON.

Miss Anderson is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. F. H. Anderson, of Shenfield House, Fulford, Yorks. Mr. Inchbold is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Inchbold, of Leeds.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

have hastened to give her, she will save it from rebuke. "Millicent Duchess of Sutherland" would, however, be a form more according to modern usage, and modern sensitiveness, than "Dowager Duchess"; and when the writers of the social columns use the

The Dowagers. Dowagers, by vulgar consent, are dowdy. The words have a syllable in common, which is enough to establish the convention. But if the widowed Duchess of Sutherland is really going to abide by the title which the papers

latter they do so simply by rather ignorant guess-work—a system employed in many other instances. At the death of Edward VII. it was promptly stated that Queen Alexandra would be known as "the Queen-Mother," and as promptly corrected. Whichever form the Duchess adopts will, like everything else, perfectly become her. For the present, the only lady who is at all shy of a title is a daughter-in-law who hates to usurp the style of her "ideal Duchess."

Slaughter and Lord Kitchener. Abbeystead, with an average to maintain of about

a thousand brace for four days' sport, went to work last week with a will and a great deal of shooting talent. Lord Sefton, Lord Suffolk, Lord Harlech, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Hampden, Major Fraser, and Captain Molyneux were on the active list, and Lady Suffolk, Lord Molyneux, and Lady Sefton kept them company as lay members of the house party. Hardly less successful, but with a more restricted bag, was the shooting last week of Lord Powis's party. For the present, Lord Kitchener is the guest of honour.

"Kindly Forward."

Lord Lytton has gone to Norway, leaving behind him a warning in the *Times* to the effect that "No letters will be forwarded." It is the sort of notice that nobody is so shabby as to put to the test with a letter likely to provoke an answer. Some slight share of "swank" is, it is agreed, allowed an overburdened man of affairs, when he wants to rid himself of his own share of a vast correspondence without entirely cutting himself off from the world; or if, in Lord Lytton's case, the notice is strictly true, and not even a carefully weeded selection of envelopes is posted on to him, it will be another of those miracles of honesty that are more likely to happen at Knebworth than anywhere else.

The Dublin Week. The Viceregal Lodge is more

than usually festive (if the word may pass) for the Horse Show. The presence of the American Ambassador and Mrs. Page, with one of the Paragraphs (as the younger members of the family are called) gives exceptional interest to Lord and Lady Aberdeen's party. The Dublin of the Horse Show has had a way, since the departure of the Dudleys, of making believe that the Viceregal Lodge does not have a great deal to do with the making or marring of the social success of the week. But with the most important of Ambassadors, from the horsey point of view, at the Lodge, Dublin will be able to abandon the slightly superior attitude that a smart sporting community adopts towards people who give their time and attention to more serious things.

A Birthday. Lady Londonderry allowed no

thought of game, except when menu-making, to interfere with the character of the racing-party at Wynyrd Park. Lord Villiers and Mr. Gilpin, to mention no more, were sufficient to keep going the "horsiness" that is apt to fade out of conversation and wardrobe as soon as birds are in the air. Lord Alington was also of the party, and celebrated his birthday, or had it celebrated for him, at Wynyrd Park. Judging by the calendar, he was fifty-four; by appearances, nearer forty-five. What matter if "Debrett" says he was born in 1859? Surely a man, like a woman, may be just as old, or as young, as he looks.



ENGAGED TO MR. FREDERIC AUGUSTUS DRAKE: MISS ISABEL JULIA ADDERLEY.

Miss Adderley is the third daughter of the Hon. Henry Arden Adderley, of Fillongley Hall, Coventry, and was born in 1887. Her father is the eldest of Lord Norton's three brothers. Mr. Drake is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Drake, of Winterbourne Lodge, Lewes.

Photograph by Canadian Studio.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT JAMES M. C. JOHNSTONE: MISS GLADYS MARGARET ROSA DE VERE SKRINE.

Miss Skrine is the only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. W de Vere Skrine, of Southsea. Lieutenant James Montague Cholmondeley Johnstone is serving on H.M.A.S. "Sydney."

Photograph by Swaine.

successful, but with a more restricted bag, was the shooting last week of Lord Powis's party. For the present, Lord Kitchener is the guest of honour.



TO MARRY, CAPTAIN AUBREY BROOKE WINCH, OF THE SCOTS GREYS, ON SEPTEMBER 3: MISS MARIE ELSPETH AGNES MAKGILL.

Miss Makgill is the younger daughter of Sir George Makgill, Bt., of Kemback, Fife, and was born in 1895. Her father's title dates from 1627, and is a Nova Scotia baronetcy conferred first upon James Makgill, who became a Lord of Session in 1629 and, in 1651, was created Viscount of Oxfuird and Lord McGill of Coulsand. [Photograph by Swaine.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Colour of the Sea.

I fancy that the colour of the sea has a curious psychological effect, and that the enjoyment of a *villégiature* by the waves mounts in proportion to its blue or purple tints. I love England, but the shade of the sea which booms around it depresses me. Above all, the North Sea has an intensely saddening tendency; it is gloomy and sinister, and the way it has eaten away the land and buried towns and villages suggests some mythological monster. The sea which has made the glory of England is truculent, turbulent, and of an angry grey, except in South Devon and South Cornwall, on special wonderful summer days. But here, in Brittany, owing to the Gulf Stream and the clear atmosphere, the sea has peculiar enamel-like tints; the little, jerky wavelets have facets of opal-like colour, the water is singularly buoyant, and it is an æsthetic joy, on sunny days, to swim about in this sparkling expanse of bluish-mauve and greenish-blue. One might almost say, without exaggeration, that the sea on this northern coast of Brittany has a bloom, so beautiful is its surface. In our bathing-pool, on yonder island, the eighteen feet of water is green and translucent, so that, as we swim, we have the air of being some kind of strange monsters kept in an aquarium for other fishes to wonder at as they glide by.

The Cavalryman and the Flappers.

To this innocent *plage* there came, a short time since, a distinguished French cavalryman, bent on improving his English and his health, and thus killing two birds with one stone. M. le Colonel had seen service in many lands, had known—and probably had loved—many beauties of different countries. Yet his Ideal turned out to be the youthful English girl, fresh from school, or even still at school—in short, the engaging young creature whom we know as The Flapper. Now his adventures among these pretty young Persons would fill a volume. He set out, pennants flying, to conquer or die in the attempt. He was all adoration and *petits soins*, which astonished the madcaps, accustomed only to the rough-and-ready comradeship of their masculine contemporaries. Then he tried jocular conversation of a sentimental turn; but lo! no Flapper of them all would bear him company. First he tried a beautiful Miss of twenty, mistaking her for seventeen; but, after a repulse in this quarter, fell back on a pair of lively sisters of eighteen or so, whose short skirts and hair floating in the wind suggested the required age. Yet these, too, having not only adorers of their own, but a distaste for obviously manufactured compliments, left him lamenting the proverbial perverseness of the Sex. His last chance was a Young Person of fourteen known as Bébé, whose cottage bonnet and abbreviated skirts suggested a heroine of "Gyp's." But I understand that, although a charge at the gallop was undertaken as a kind of Forlorn Hope, the position was not taken; and I heard our unlucky

cavalryman, last night, ordering his bill and a carriage for to-morrow morning.

The Decline of the Compliment.

This distressing episode is one more sign that the compliment is no longer a weapon in the amusing warfare of the sexes—that Woman, however young, prefers deeds to words. The method of the *beaux yeux* still lingered in Edwardian times, for the King's father was a great maker of pretty phrases intended for the Fair. Yet who ever hears a young man nowadays give praise to the most beautiful and bewitching Young Person? His august approval is never stated in bald words, and his utmost effort in this direction is an occasional "You look all right," thrown at Beauty herself as one might chuck

a bone to a dog. It is a singular situation, full, one might suppose, of danger to the race, if it were not for the fact that Beauty herself is quite indifferent to compliments, and would be roused to uncontrollable mirth by the *fadaises* which pleased her mother. Women date themselves hopelessly by angling for compliments; nor are they, indeed, in any likelihood of hooking them except from elderly gentlemen of carp-like aspect. Our youth of both sexes is a trifle inarticulate in these days, except on the subject of games, a topic which arouses endless argument and affords food for talk for an entire evening. Especially golf.

The Handy Girl.

The short cut to popularity, to be sure, for girls is to be thoroughly handy—to be able to take care not only of themselves, but of all the implements with which they take their pleasure. If motoring is the particular recreation affected, the Modern Girl is expected to have a working knowledge of the interior of the machine. If she boats, she may be seen painting and caulking, and generally making seaworthy her own craft. Does the diving-board



THE BOLERO JACKET AND TUNIC WORN OVER COTTON FROCKS: SOME NEW DESIGNS.

The seated figure on the left is seen in a flowered tunic, ornamented with white linen, that can be worn over any skirt. — The centre figure shows a quaint little frock in pale yellow piqué; the bolero is spotted with black and outlined with white linen hems. — On the right is a chequered cotton frock made all in one, and a loose bolero jacket of white linen.

require reparation, the Handy Girl, who may be a famous beauty, is seen swarming up to the topmost height, armed with nails and a hammer. At golf, if caddies fail, she carries her own bag of clubs, however heavy, and it is, I am told by the Modern Boy, extremely *vieux jeu* to assist a lady to make a tee or otherwise help her in the heat and burden of the day. She looks only to her own good right hand, and I hasten to add that she is generally thoroughly able to look after herself. She realises that to expect attentions and politeness from her masculine contemporaries is to court failure, and I must say that the spectacle of the competent, adroit girl of the present day is a sufficiently portentous one. It is obvious that if our present form of civilisation continues, we shall never go back to the helpless young creature who stood still and held out her hands for help. The only drawback to the present state of things is that the Young Girl of to-day has given up her own privileges, and has not yet been allowed those of the Modern Boy.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 10.

MEXICO.

THE Mexican situation continues to cause a good deal of uneasiness both here and in Wall Street. The wild stories of an ultimatum were soon proved false, but no one can be surprised at the tone adopted by General Huerta in his reply to the United States President. The latter very properly hesitates to adopt forcible measures, and so, presumably, he will again subside into inactivity for the time being. Pessimists declare that war between the two countries is inevitable. If that be so, both Yankee and Mexican securities are bound for lower prices, as we feel sure that all parties in Mexico would sink their differences and combine against the common foe, and the war would be both costly and protracted. However, affairs are not as bad as that at present, although the internal position shows little signs of improvement.

The refusal of the United States to recognise General Huerta's Government is a direct encouragement to the rebel faction to continue their agitation, because, rightly or wrongly, they naturally believe that they have only to obtain supremacy for a week or two in order to get recognition, which would immensely strengthen their position.

The collapse in the rate of exchange to 19d. is a clear indication of the commercial conditions, and the Government's refusal to permit the export of either gold or silver has aggravated rather than improved the position. Unless there is a rise before long, those Companies which have dividends or any other payments falling due in Europe will suffer a very heavy loss.

OILS.

The Oil Market has been one of the few bright spots during the last week, although even here the volume of business has been nothing to boast about.

North Caucasians have enjoyed a sharp rise, for which a variety of reasons are assigned. One daily paper said it was because they had drawn attention to the output as compared with that of Spies. In other quarters, the Shell people are credited with trying to get rid of some of their options, and with having rigged the market to that end. At all events, the shares are "talked up" to 30s., but we should not care to hold them to that figure.

The story that negotiations are in progress between the Shell group and the Kern River Company is discredited in some quarters, but we have reason to believe it is correct, although we have no idea of the actual terms.

Premiers seem likely to get their dividend after all. If they do, there should be a sharp recovery in the price, and holders should avail themselves of the opportunity to clear out. They're not likely to get a better one in the future.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In 1910 the city of Budapest made an issue of 4 per cent. Bonds at 95½, which are redeemable by drawings at par. These drawings take place twice a year, in February and August, and are such that the whole issue will be redeemed by 1960. There are £1,959,600 still outstanding, and although during 1912 the price went as high as 91½, the current quotation is only 84. At this figure the yield is over 4½ per cent.; there is a certainty of a gradual appreciation to par by 1960; and, in addition, twice a year there is the possibility of receiving a handsome premium. We think the Bonds are attractive for those who do not require an absolutely gilt-edged investment.

As far back as April we expressed an unfavourable view of the prospects of the Argentine Tobacco Company, and when the report appeared at the end of June, we liked the position still less. Since then the price of the Preference shares has fallen to 11s., and the 6 per cent. Debentures are quoted at 91. It is most difficult to obtain any reliable information as to the position, but we understand that the competition with the Company's rivals is still as keen as ever, so we do not look for any great improvement in results. Until some arrangement is made, we cannot recommend the shares.

We are sorry to see that the shareholders of Besoecki Plantations have decided to support the Board against Mr. Koning. The latter gentleman really knows both his business and Java, and, furthermore, he was prepared to find additional money himself. We feel sure the issue of Debentures will only end in disaster.

There are one or two Insurance Companies whose positions, from a shareholder's point of view, are becoming less satisfactory than was the case a year or two back. Those of our readers who have any doubts as to the shares they hold in such concerns should write to us. We may be able to save them money.

Writing last week of the Guayaquil and Quito Bonds, we expressed the opinion that another coupon would be forthcoming in about two months' time. Since, then, however, news has come to hand of a

remittance of £28,489. Only £19,000 was required to complete the amount necessary for the payment of the next coupon, and so, presuming the cabled advice is correct, holders should receive payment in a week or two. This will make the third coupon paid this year.

A new "introduction" to the Miscellaneous Market are the British Motor-Spirit shares, but no one should have anything to do with them. The people behind this Company were responsible for the introduction of American Marconis into the London market, and the experience of those unfortunate enough to be caught in that gamble should serve as a useful—if expensive—lesson.

Shamvas have recovered a little on a further revision of the estimate of ore at the third level. It is now computed that the length of the ore chute is 510 feet, the width 29 feet, and the value 5½ dwt. This is an improvement upon the figures given in the report, but does not alter our opinion that the shares are overvalued.

BEER AND OTHER THINGS.

"I wish people wouldn't take holidays and leave their work half-done," grumbled the senior partner. "Harry's left things in an awful muddle."

"Cheer up," advised the still-more-senior partner; "all my people are away, so I've got nothing to do, and can get away early."

The force of this argument did not appear to strike the senior, and he continued vainly searching for the erring sample. At last he found it, and subsided into a chair with a sigh. "I shall be thankful when holidays are over," he declared fiercely.

"And there's a little more doing on the Stock Exchange?" suggested the clerk.

"Taken all through, markets aren't so bad," was the reply; "look at Trust Companies and Breweries."

"Blessed be Beer!" quoted the clerk; "but I think you'll find the improvement there is a real one. All the people connected with the trade believe they can make good, if only they don't get badgered with fresh taxation."

"That's quite right; but people must go slow and discriminate a bit—"

"In fact," interrupted the clerk, "with regard to Brewery investments, you advise temperance!"

"Temperance, my boy, in all things," began the still-more-senior partner, but, luckily, he was called to the telephone at that moment, and so the rest of his homily was lost.

"There's a good deal of wreckage to be cleared up yet," continued the senior partner; "and most of the companies have still got some mill-stones round their necks in the shape of tied houses bought in the boom time."

"The Royal Brewery, Brentford, First Debentures look rather attractive at 96," said the clerk. "They're redeemable in 1933 at 105, and seem quite safe."

"There are a good many Debentures that are cheap," agreed the senior partner. "By the way, I hear the barley crop is a good one, but that hops will be very dear again."

"Your beer will cost you more!" cried the clerk in a voice of woe; "and, apparently, our food is to cost us more as well, so we shall indeed be in a parlous state. The new arrangement is certainly a bull point for Lyons' and the other catering companies, and, it seems, they're going to give up the futile policy of opening depots on each other's doorsteps."

"I'd rather buy Lyons than any of the others, just as I'd rather eat their food."

"For anyone whose got any money," said the senior partner with a yawn, "there are some attractive things to be picked up."

The still-more-senior partner apparently only caught the last part of the sentence, and promptly stood up to look out of the window, but seeing only a blind beggar and a telegraph-boy, he quickly sat down again. The senior partner couldn't think why the clerk burst into a loud guffaw!

Saturday, August 23, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month

C. E. O. L.—(1) No. They have their own axe to grind. (2) Probably not unless there is a war with the United States, when anything would be possible. (3) Not immediately, although, as leases gradually fall in, the income will increase. (4) We do not consider any of them particularly attractive; and (c) should certainly be left alone.

BOMBAY.—A sound purchase. New York Telephone First Mortgage 4½ per cent Bonds; Great Northern Railway Preferred, or Grand Trunk First Preference should suit.

SIWASH.—(1) No. The last Report was not satisfactory. (2) The issue was a failure here, and we think there are many more attractive South American securities. (3) A fair speculative investment, but certainly cannot be termed a safe investment.

G. W.—Quite good, but you would be wise to put only a part of your savings in the one basket.

SPLUTTER.—We know of no special reason for the decline other than general market conditions. The Company's position is steadily improving, and the Deferred are a good speculative investment. The Preferred, however, in our opinion, are an even better purchase.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Mermaids and Mermen.

This is a summer for sea-bathing. British people bathe every summer—it is an article of faith with us. Unlike the classical gentleman—was it Antæus?—who regained his strength from the earth, we believe we regain ours from the sea. This summer, however, sea-bathing is luxurious. The water is sun-warmed and refreshing, and prudish people who don't approve of mixed bathing are in a very small minority. It is as usual for a man and a girl to arrange to swim together as to ride together or to golf together. Why is it, I wonder, that directly people get into the sea they shout and scream? People never speak quietly to each other in the water. All conversation is carried on in a bellow punctuated by screams. As to children, the sea-bath seems to necessitate exercise of the lungs. Bathing-costume continues to be rather ugly in our right little, tight little island—that is to say, the *costume-de-mer* of the masses. The other day I happened to be fishing off the bathing-place of one of the shooting-lodges on the Sutherlandshire coast, and saw a very choice house-party in the water. The hostess was in scarlet voile, made in somewhat kimono style, and trimmed with black torchon lace. The hair was done up in a red waterproof turban. Then there was a young and slender lady in what looked like a boy's skating-costume—pink satin tights, with a woollen jersey the same colour; the hair gathered up under a pink hussar-shaped cap. Very smart, I assure you. Another girl wore black stockingette tights and a pale-blue pirate cap; and there were other variations of the same scheme. The men looked like very sober-minded acrobats in costume. They were having a mighty merry time when we shouted to them that a gigantic jelly-fish was going their way. It looked like a yellow-and-white parachute. The news sent them all scuttling a-beach, and our skipper said quietly, "It was a peety whateffer that there wass things like that, that would sting terribul; it wass a peety, for the



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN SOUTH AFRICAN FINANCIER: MISS CHARLOTTE ALBU.

Miss Charlotte Frederike Albu is the eldest of the four daughters of Sir George Albu, who was last year created a Baronet of the United Kingdom. He is a son of the late Simon Albu, of Berlin, and is a partner in Messrs. G. and L. Albu, of Johannesburg, and Managing Director of the General Mining and Finance Corporation. He married, in 1888, Gertrude Alice Frederica, daughter of Max Rosendorff.

Photograph by Thomson.

watter was goot for the gentle peoples whateffer!"

Work to Make The small people in the sweet and large country spaces are happy kiddies, though they do not know it. In the slums and congested poor streets of our great Metropolis are thousands of little children who do not know how to play. Their lives are one dark, grey, monotonous struggle to exist. I do not know who first thought of the Children's Happy Evenings Association; I think it was Lady Bland-Sutton, or it may have been a spontaneous inspiration with her and the Countess of Jersey. Anyway, it is now a great organisation; 38,000 children are provided weekly with two hours of healthy recreation at a cost of £500 per annum. The band of helpers—whom the angels would envy, if they did not help—is voluntary;



SOCIETY AT LE TOUQUET: LORD GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY (X) AND HIS NEW BROTHER-IN-LAW, SIR PHILIP SASSOON, ON THE GOLF LINKS.

Lord George Cholmondeley and Sir Philip Sassoon became brothers-in-law through the recent marriage of Sir Philip's sister, Sybil, and Lord George's elder brother, the Earl of Rocksavage—a wedding which, it will be remembered, was notable for taking place at a registry-office. Sir Philip Sassoon is the third Baronet, and is M.P. for Hythe.

Photograph by Topical.



LIEUTENANT THOMAS C. B. HARBOTTLE, R.N., AND MISS KATHLEEN MILLICENT KENT, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR AUGUST 23.

Lieutenant Harbottle is at present serving on H.M.S. "Thames." The bride is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. G. E. Kent, of Normanhurst, Southsea, where the wedding was arranged to take place, at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels.

Photographs by Swaine.

that is to say, the kind of pay they receive is to the soul, not the body. The children, on assembling, march round the central hall to a march played on the piano. Then they go for half-an-hour to each of four rooms—first, one where they play practically alone with bricks, soldiers, shops, toys, and hardly any talking is allowed; then to a room where fairy-tales are provided, and the kiddies may read them for themselves, or, as they almost invariably prefer, have them told aloud; then comes the painting-room, where they get a design on cardboard to colour; and then the cutting-out room, where they have toys provided in sections, which have to be painted before they are put together. In the large hall games are the order of the evening—on boys' nights, tugs-of-war, sack-racing; and on girls' nights, less strenuous amusements. The Queen has on more than one occasion paid quite homely and informal visits to some of the centres. New helpers and subscribers are joyfully welcomed by Lady Bland-Sutton.

For the Royal Bride and Bridegroom.

The tenancy of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth's house—No. 54, Mount Street, Park Lane—has been secured for some time by Prince Arthur of Connaught; it will be his town house after his marriage. It was built by the present Earl of Plymouth between ten and fifteen years ago, and is a remarkably fine mansion. Last season it was occupied by the Earl and Countess of Londesborough, who gave there a dinner and dance to celebrate the coming-of-age of their elder son, Viscount Raincliffe. The hall is floored and panelled with white marble, of which the stairway is also composed. It branches, after a few steps, forming a double-stair, to a fine big landing, facing which is, inset in the marble panelling, one of Sir Edward Burne-Jones' masterpieces. Downstairs is a spacious dining-room, morning-room, and study, and on the first floor at one side of the lounge is a large ball-room; at the other, a suite of drawing-rooms. The house is charmingly furnished, and has probably been secured by his Royal Highness in that condition. Lord and Lady Plymouth are artistic in the extreme, and have given much thought and time to make the interior of their town mansion beautiful. Lady Plymouth gave many dances there. The Duchess of Fife will be about midway between the Princess Royal, her mother, in Portman Square, and Queen Alexandra, her grandmother, at Marlborough House.



SOCIETY AT LE TOUQUET: LORD AND LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY, SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

Lord George Hugo Cholmondeley, the younger of the two sons of the fourth Marquess of Cholmondeley, was born in 1887. He was educated at Eton, and is a Lieutenant in the Nottinghamshire Royal Horse Artillery. In 1911 he married Mrs. J. A. Stirling. His elder brother, the Earl of Rocksavage, served in the South African War.

Photograph by Topical.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Father Gregory."

By P. C. WREN.
(Longmans.)

A great deal of poetry from Browning, Villon, and others has been thought necessary by the author to create the atmosphere sympathetic to "Father Gregory." It is certainly an unusual book. A lurid love affair on the edge of an Indian desert leads to the birth of a child in a lunatic asylum. That child grows up, and, having suffered bitter need and bitter sorrow, conceives the idea of a club for failures. "I am neither brave nor good enough to be a missionary," he said; "and if I were, I should not be working in India. I know the East and I know the East End, and the needs of the latter are greater." He had observed too, with humorous despair, the crowded excursions run to our exhibitions, where the great sights were Pigmies, Mexicans, Japanese, or others in native villages. "Would they could be run in thousands," he exclaims, "to see English men and women in the English villages of Whitechapel, Hoxton, and elsewhere as I have seen them and dwelt with them!" But what appealed to John Durham in India was the fallen White Man who lay where he fell, *alone*. So he constituted himself expert in such failures, and gathered them into a very generous refuge called the Chotapettah Club. "Father Gregory" consists of sketches drawn from these attractive failures (some of whom were criminals) and their respective lures, and Father Gregory

himself justifies his prominent position by a surprising *coup* at the end. Everybody who begins "Father Gregory" will finish it, and yet it is not at all sure that everyone will like it. It is earnest, almost impassioned, dramatic, almost theatrical, and in one respect at least more than a little unfair to Omar Khayyám.

"Knockinscreen Days."

By JACKSON C. CLARK.
(Methuen.)

Those who come to "Knockinscreen Days" for Irish yarns and Irish wit of the Paddy-and-Pig order—that is to say, of the most time-honoured—will get just what they come for. Peter Carmichael and his wife Kitty are of those who insist that life shall be a continuous series of humorous events. Should they read a newspaper, its title becomes Dull-as-Mud; and their impressions of a particularly characteristic number are that murderers were on strike, that Suffragettes had not been attending to their duties as ministering (or is it ministerial?) angels—perhaps, taking a rest cure under the shade of Holloway Arms; that the only divorce case had been heard *in camera*, and that Mr. D. Oiled Jaws, President of the Board of Acquisition, had made a speech on Margate Sands. Now this method of criticism applied to life as well as newspapers is sure to raise the laugh which Sir W. S. Gilbert used to be so lofty about. Applied to Irish life, it becomes all that a professional humourist could wish for, and "Knockinscreen Days" echoes to the mirth of it.



THE WHAT? REVEALED: A PELICAN FOOD-SEEKING AND FOOD-CATCHING—
IN No. 3 THE FOOD IS SEEN "LANDING" IN THE BIRD'S POUCH.

(See Page of Illustrations in this Number.) Photographs by Eric S. Hervey.

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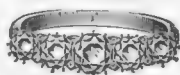
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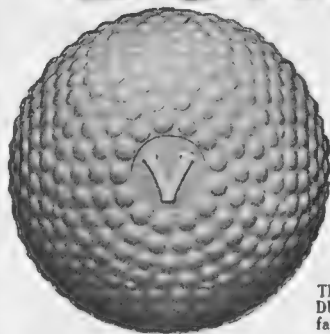
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the First Cousin to the Wusser; Royal Wedding Gifts to King Manuel; Lord Inverclyde's Grouse-Shooting Party; the Domesticity-Reviver; a "Making-it-up" Court; Landing an 8 lb. Salmon; Woman in her Hours of Breeze—the Tenter and the Skipper; Lawn-tennis and Golf by Night—Under Gas; At the Roman Camp and Doune Lodge; Society Snapshots; Miss Evelyn Nesbit (Mrs. Harry Thaw); Mr. Harold Hilton.

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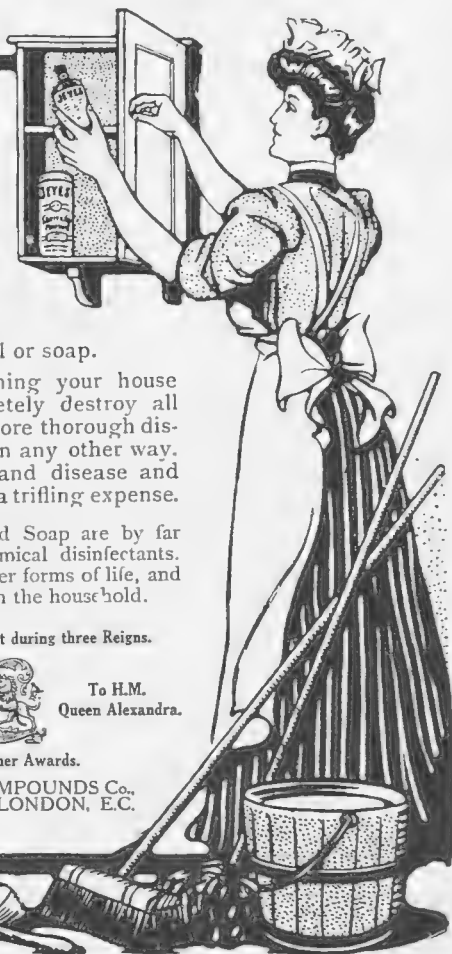
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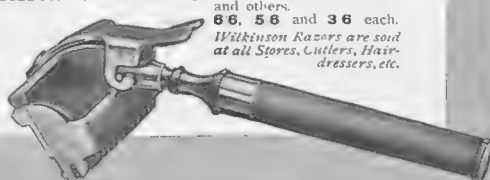
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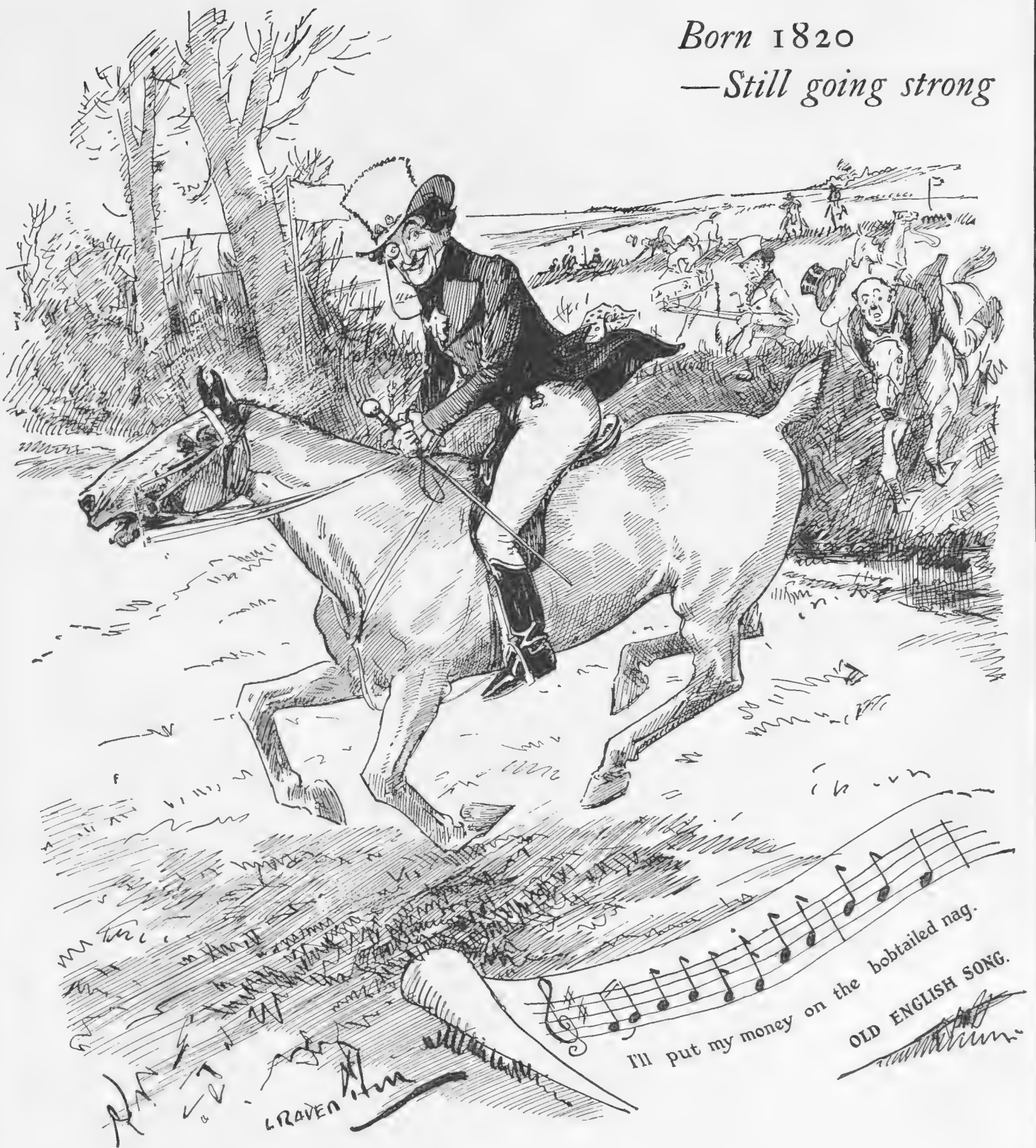
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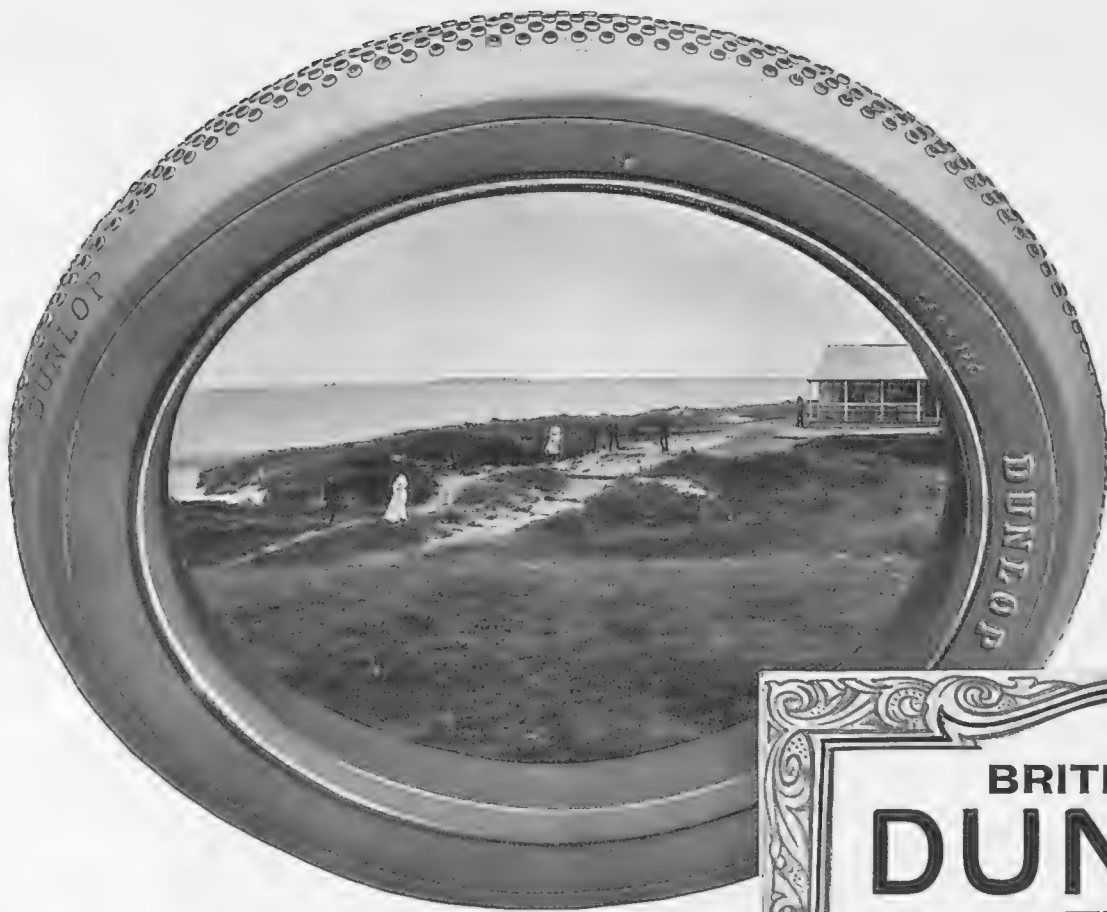
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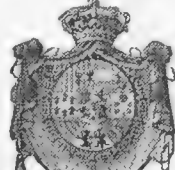
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Only babies resident in the United Kingdom, and between the ages of twelve months and two years, were eligible. Each baby was examined by a medical man, who gave a signed certificate.

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The Competition was promoted and carried out by the proprietors of the "Daily Sketch" Newspaper. The Competition was entirely independent in character.



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Mother of the 1st Prize Winner writes:

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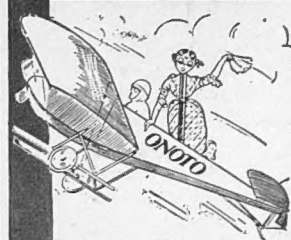
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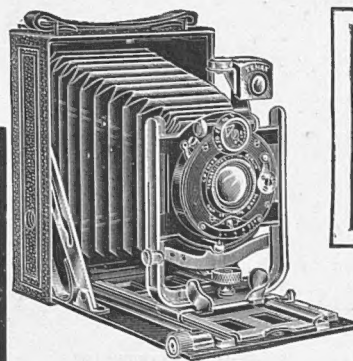
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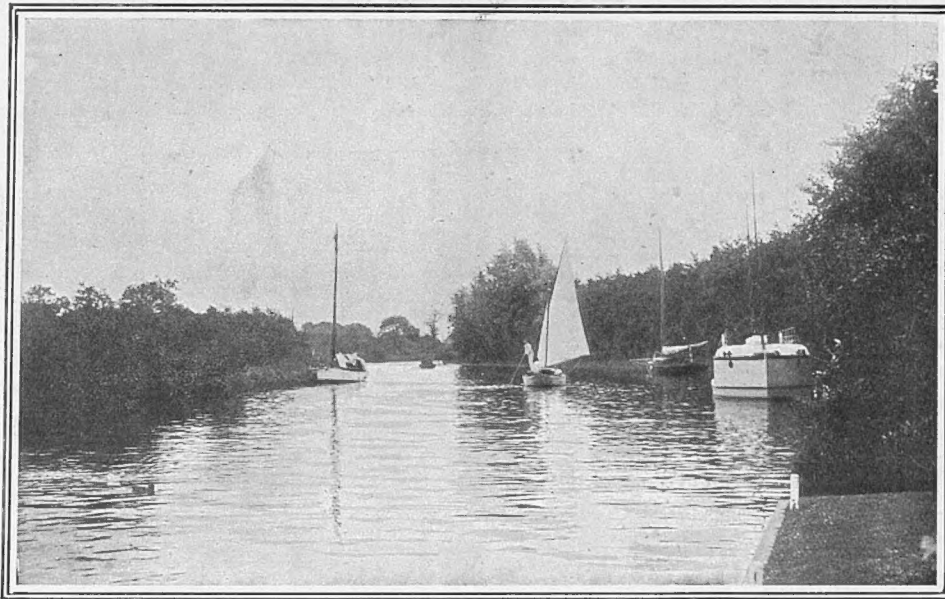
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MID-AUGUST productions are usually artificial things, standing out in sharp contrast to the nature which all the members of the audience may be presumed to have just been worshipping. "The Big Game," at the New Theatre, was no exception. Its author, Mr. Sydney Wentworth Carroll, has evidently great faith in the old traditions of the stage. A noble hero held his tongue for the sake of a worthless dead friend and allowed himself to be the victim of the worst suspicions. Two noble women were assumed to be liable to convulsions of utter despair if they discovered an act of treachery committed ten years ago; and a callow youth, most unaccountably obsessed with the adoration for a dead father whom he could hardly have remembered at all, was supposed to be subject to the like liability. Mr. Frederick Kerr was the hero, a very pleasant, manly fellow; the two women were Miss Frances Ivor and Miss Ethel Dane—the former elderly and kind, the latter very young and frivolous; and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry played the long-haired, tiresome boy with considerable cleverness, and managed to express a fierce but unfortunately misplaced emotion.



SCENE OF MANY A FASCINATING BOATING HOLIDAY: ON THE BROADS, AT WROXHAM.
Yachting and boating are being enjoyed on the Broads this year every bit as much as they have been in the past, and it is evident that the holiday-maker still realises full well what is good.

There was also an old family doctor whom Mr. J. D. Beveridge made a very genial fellow; but they all seemed impossible people, doing absurd things; and Mr. Carroll's dialogue, though it won a fair share of laughter, was far too diffuse.

The new Lyceum melodrama, "The Beggar-Girl's Wedding," is a very full-blooded affair in the best old Surrey-side manner.

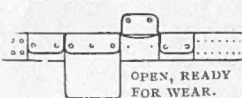
A rich young man marries a pretty and virtuous beggar-girl, whom he has picked up on the Embankment, much to the annoyance of a cousin who would otherwise have come into the family fortune; and the consequences are most exciting. The villain sticks at nothing. Stabbing, garrotting, poisoning, and slandering all come natural to him; and his great effort is to get his victims immured in the dungeon of an asylum, where they are to die of a combination of hunger, thirst, and slow poison. Before that he has laid low a solicitor, and thrust the unconscious person of the hero into a safe, assisted through-

out by a very flaming Society lady egged on by the spur of disappointed love. He is most hissingly and snakily played by Mr. Henry Lonsdale; Mr. Lauderdale Maitland is a gallant hero; and Miss Phyllis Relph a charming little beggar-maid; and comic relief in great abundance is provided by Mr. Fred Ingram, Miss Eva Dare, and Mr. J. T. Macmillan.

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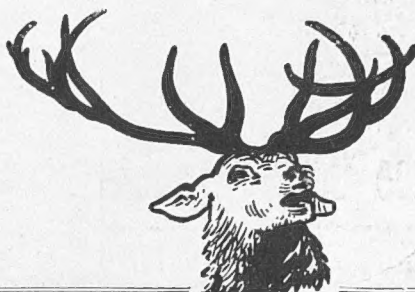
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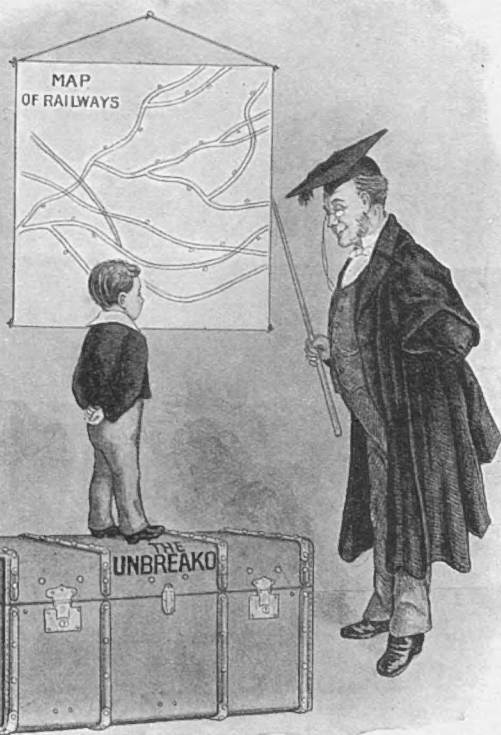
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